

A Generous Offer to our Readers. See Pen Coupon on page 15.

JOHN BULL

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(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.)

871726

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.



Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

SAVE THE BABIES!

The present appalling infant mortality is largely attributable to improper feeding and contaminated milk.

Dairy milk is seldom to be relied upon—it is usually full of germs, contains preservatives, and is otherwise adulterated.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

is the richest, purest milk with all the original cream. Baby not only likes Nestlé's, but digests it better than dairy milk and thrives on it most splendidly. In the absence of breast-milk it is the first—the only—thing to try; it is safe, it is inexpensive, it is sure.

We hope to supply Nestlé's Milk to our Trade customers in equal quantity to their corresponding purchases of 1916. The public are therefore invited to buy from their regular supplier in order to assist this method of fair distribution.

Nestlé's, 6-8 Eastcheap, E.C. 3

TO COLOGNE

BY

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY



"What's in your paper?"

It says:

"Come to the 'Midland' and furnish your home to-day."

You can save a pound in every ten by going to the "Midland" for your furniture. If you decide to furnish out of income, the "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to get everything you want without paying a farthing for interest or any extras whatsoever. In either case, you have only to compare the plainly marked "Midland" prices with what you would be charged elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same quality; and you will see for yourself that

Money buys more at the "Midland."

Come and form your own judgment. Come and examine the £100,000 worth of superb furniture now on view in the "Midland" Salons. It gives you so immense a variety of choice that you are bound to find the very thing you have set your heart on. And at the "Midland" you will get it at the bedrock, bargain price. Whether your bank balance is large or small; whether your War Loan dividends are many or few, you will find that the money buys better furniture and more of it—at the "Midland."

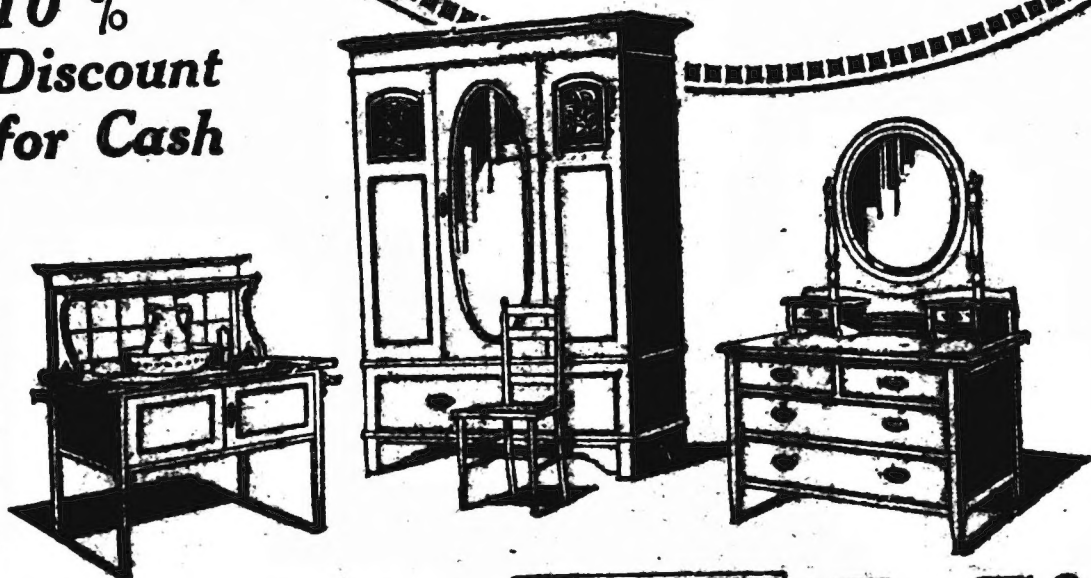
War Loan Scrip accepted in payment.

Rail Fares Paid

Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance

10 % Discount for Cash



Handsome Bedroom Suite

Soundly constructed in Fumed Oak. The Suite comprises a 4ft. Wardrobe with oval bevelled mirror in door, and large drawer; 3ft. 6in. Dressing Table; 3ft. 6in. Washstand with marble top and tiled back, and two Chairs.

£24 10s. 0d.

Write to-day for the 'Midland' Free Book of Furniture.

Ideal Terms

Town or Country.		Worth.		Per Month.	
£10	20	5	6		
£20	0	11	0		
£30	0	16	6		
£40	1	2	0		
£50	1	7	6		
£100	2	15	0		
£200	5	10	0		
£500	13	15	0		

Larger amounts pro rata.

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture TO-DAY.

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies, 15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 7.

Saturdays—9 till 1.



11. A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FOR YOU.
If you want to earn more—to 'get on' in life—to attain real success—one of our books will help. Mention No. and letter indicating occupation desired.
11A Munition Work. 11B Mec. Engineering
11C Salesmanship. 11D Electrical do.
11E Advertising. 11F Elec. Lighting, etc.
11G Motor Engngng. 11H Wire less Telgphy
11I Industrial Chem. 11J Architecture
11K Careers for Men. 11L Careers for Women
I.C.S., Ltd., Kingsway, W.C.2.

12. Free!
each month a
BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE.
Bright, helpful, interesting, and amusing. Just fits the pocket.
Mention No. 12 on Coupon below.

13. Blood & Skin Troubles Cured.

6^d Send to-day to The Domigo Co., 168, Aldersgate St., London, E.C., enclosing 6 penny stamps, and a trial treatment, with treatise, will be sent you post free by return.

14. Is it an ALL-IN Policy?
THE EAGLE & BRITISH DOMINIONS "ALL-IN" POLICY
gives you protection of your house and home against practically every insurable risk under one Policy, one Premium, one Payment. It is the last word in Domestic Insurance.
Ocean House, Old Broad St., E.C. 2.

15. TOBACCO ECONOMY CAMPAIGN
Free Smokes
FOR ONE WEEK
IN EVERY FIVE
For full particulars, mention No. 15 on the "Information Coupon"

1. For 5/- down
followed by small monthly subscriptions you can receive carriage paid the seven sumptuous volumes now ready of the **War Illustrated Album de-Luxe**, the supreme pictorial record of the war. A beautiful coloured booklet describing the work and the terms FREE and POST FREE.
The Educational Book Co., Ltd., 17, New Bridge St., London, E.C. 4.

"What dye lack?"

Here are some very interesting small advertisements of prominent firms, who, owing to the paper shortage, have adopted this means of keeping the readers of "JOHN BULL" acquainted with their products. You are invited to ask for further particulars on the INFORMATION COUPON below, posting it to—

Dept. I.C., "JOHN BULL," 92, Long Acre, W.C.2.

2. 5,000

British Officers and Men (including 20 Generals) and many thousands of business men and women have benefited by a Pelman Training. Quick promotion, increased incomes, greater efficiency. Can be followed by anybody, anywhere. Recommended to his readers by the Editor of "JOHN BULL."

3. No need to continue suffering. Curlicones, the marvellous discovery which is giving such successful results in curing

RHEUMATOID-ARTHRITIS,
rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, and neuritis, is now being given away free of charge for trial. Send for a free trial packet, &c., giving name and allotment to—
STEPHEN MATTHEWS & CO., LTD. W9, 19, 20, 21, Farringdon Street, E.C. 4.

4. EVERYTHING for the GARDEN
OF GUARANTEED QUALITY.
LISTS FREE.
BEES LTD.,
175x. MILL ST., LIVERPOOL.

5. "Free Hints about your Baby."
Send for the "Glaxo" Baby Book Free.
"GLAXO,"
155, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1.

8. SAMUEL BROTHERS LTD.
(The Famous Outfitters)
FREE Publications.
(8a) "Straight Tips for Subs." (For Officer Cadets.)
(8b) "Omne Tempus Rain-coats." (For All.)
(8c) "The Seven Ages of Boyhood." (For Juveniles.)
LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4 & OXFORD CIRCUS, W.

Each of these announcements is covered by
"JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

9. Shorthand
Sloan-Duployan is the only easy system capable of high speed. The ONLY simple system used on the Official Parliamentary Reporting Staff. Send for free handbook with specimen lesson.—SLOAN-DUPLOYAN HEADQ'S., DEPT. 32, RAMSGATE.

10. "SWAN" PENS

6. SirHIRAM MAXIM'S HOME DOCTOR BOOK FREE.

Send for this concise little book, which has already enabled thousands to cure easily and quickly at home, most cases of catarrh, deafness, ear noises, bronchitis, asthma. The book and usual particulars will be sent free to all applicants on receipt of name and address. Write to the Sole Licensees.

JOHN MORGAN RICHARDS & SONS, LTD. (Dep. J. B. 74), 40, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

7. YOU SHOULD NOT MOVE WITHOUT AN "EVER-READY" ELECTRIC POCKET LAMP.

The Portable Electric Light Company, Ltd.,
120, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W. 1.

INFORMATION COUPON.

Address to: Dept. I.C. 5,
"JOHN BULL," 85-94, Long Acre, W.C.2.

I am interested in the Advts. numbered*
Please ask the firms concerned to send me further particulars as published.

Name _____
Address _____
in full
* Where different booklets are offered, mention number and letter.



Tommy spends hours of his time behind the "fines" trying to rid himself of his trench "companions." Changing and washing are not sufficient—circumstances are all against that. He wants something that goes to the root of the trouble.
Send him a box of Vertroy Vermin Killer and help to keep him comfortable.

VERTROY Vermin Killer

If you are troubled with insect pests get a box to-day, and sprinkle the powder everywhere where the insects congregate. You will be astonished at the death roll. Vertroy and insects don't agree—and Vertroy wins always.
Sold in 3d., 6d., 1s. and larger boxes. Of all stores, or in size post free from the makers.

W. Edge & Sons, Ltd., Bolton, Lancs.

Here's Health for Everyone!

And at a price within everyone's reach. Start the Kkovah habit at once—a teaspoonful in water in the morning when you get up. It will clear the system of all poisons and impurities and make every minute worth living.



Kkovah Health Salt

Makes you fit—keeps you fit.

It is a deliciously refreshing saline with mildly aperient properties—just what every child and grown-up needs.

Don't just think about it. Start the Kkovah habit to-morrow morning.
In 6d. and 1/1 tins of Grocers, Stores, and all Boots' Branches.

Sutcliffe & Bingham, Ltd., Manchester.
MEMO: Don't forget to put a tin in the next parcel you send to the front. K I ©

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Catalogue of keenly priced Staffordshire Tableware, Ladies' and Children's Wear, Workers' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Sewing Machines, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Lino, Carpets. Patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Mackintoshes, Robes, Dress Materials, Carpets. Patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Mackintoshes, Robes, Dress Materials, Carpets. Patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Mackintoshes, Robes, Dress Materials, Carpets.
EASY Household Drapery, etc. I. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD **TERMS**

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.

WEST END CINEMA THEATRE

WEEK DAYS 2 TILL 11. SUNDAYS 6 TILL 11.



TO WOUNDED SOLDIERS & SAILORS:

DON'T HESITATE TO COME IN HERE AND SPEND A PLEASANT HOUR.

IT COSTS NOTHING!

I AM DOING YOU NO FAVOUR—ON THE CONTRARY, YOU ARE HONOURING ME WITH YOUR COMPANY.

WALK, HOP, CRAWL OR BE CARRIED IN AS THOUGH THE THEATRE BELONGS TO YOU—IT DOES, AS LONG AS I AM ITS PROPRIETOR!

G. F. SEXTON.

A Brilliant and Varied Programme of the World's Best and Latest Films.

GRAND ORCHESTRA—DAINTY TEAS—LUXURIOUS SURROUNDINGS

COVENTRY STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.C.

Manager - E. H. LUNDY.

'Phone - 2588 REGENT.

UNRUSTABLE
STEEL

• NSTAINABLE
CUTLERY

APIS

SAVES
LABOUR.

REDUCES
HOUSE BILLS.

APIS CUTLERY dispenses with knifeboards and knife machines; needs no rubbing and grinding, and therefore there is no wear and tear.

APIS CUTLERY gives no taste to fruit or fish, and is always beautifully bright.

APIS CUTLERY is the same right through.

After use a rinse and a wipe are all that is needed.

INVALUABLE FOR CANTEENS & MESSSES.

Write for Price List.

**APIS DEPÔT, R Dept. 30, Holborn,
London, E.C. 1.**



THE ERASMIC SHAVING STICK.

Gives a clean shave.

Soothes the skin.

Does not dry on the face.

BRITISH AND BEST.

"ERASMIC" Perfumers, LONDON & PARIS.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XXI. No. 577.

Week ending Saturday, June 23rd, 1917.

One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—KAISER."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Exit Tino.

But why permit him to nominate his successor? His dynasty should go the way of the Romanoffs—to be followed at an early date by the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns.

A Rumour.

Is there any truth in the report that young Von Tirpitz has recently been released? Perhaps some M.P. will ask for this "gallant officer's" present address.

Quite Safe.

According to the Berlin papers, the British Government is contemplating removing from London in consequence of the aerial attacks. But they are quite safe where they are. The Germans wouldn't hurt some of them for worlds.

An Exalted Prisoner.

We should like to know whether it is true that the British have captured a German naval officer of such high rank that three Sovereigns have requested he should be treated with special consideration. If he really be someone of such great importance, he ought to spend his time in crossing and re-crossing the water in British ships.

Ramsay Routed.

The nation is under a big debt of gratitude to Mr. Havelock Wilson for his efforts to keep Ramsay Macdonald from going to Russia for the purpose, in his own words, of helping "to secure the emancipation of his German comrades." Not "comrades in arms," mark you!

The General Election.

It has now been decided, providing the Electoral Bill at present before the House gets through without undue delay, that the present Parliament shall be dissolved at the end of September. Other papers, please copy.

War Legislation.

The latest specimen is the Gaming Machines Bill—introduced by the Scottish Secretary—to prohibit not only little boys and girls, but also grown up people, from endangering their souls by putting coppers into automatic machines. No wonder Germany is laughing at us!

A New British Lion.

We hope we are not infringing the Defence of the Realm Act by asking what you think of the idea of using sea-lions for the purpose of locating submarines? If all we hear is true, Captain Woodward should soon be promoted to field rank.

Those Enemy Princes.

Once again—how is that little Bill getting on? Now that the Select Committee has soled and heeled it, when are we to have the Second Reading?

A Return Wanted.

Will some Member of Parliament move for a Return giving the rank, length of military service, and present disposition of the sons and other relatives of Ministers of the Crown?

Curates and Their Coats.

Speaking of the desire of eligible curates to join up, the Bishop of London tells us that he can "only hold them back by the tails of their coats." It is time they took their coats off.

A Clerical Spy.

Have you heard that the pilot of one of the enemy aeroplanes recently brought down, after a visit to the Thames Estuary, by the guns of a British warship was identified as the late Pastor of a local German church?

Our Stable.

We recently loaned a member of our staff to an important Government Department, and finding it necessary to borrow him back for a couple of days were informed that he could not possibly be spared, as he was "the most useful man in the place." That's the way we train 'em at Long Acre!

Racing.

By the time these lines are read, the "Lightning Campaign" of the Racing Emergency Committee will be over—and the Government, in accordance with precedent, will have changed its mind, and will be offering the Jockey Club a "restricted" programme. It will not, however, be able to hoodwink that body again—and "racing the same as in Germany" will be the irreducible minimum of public demand.

"A Modern Socrates."

Our attention has been called to a book by Shane Leslie, called "The End of a Chapter," in which we read: "Another career which would have been impossible in Victorian days was that of Horatio Bottomley. He may be summarised as a modern Socrates, 'the Gadfly of the State,' but a Socrates who has taken to journalism. His criticisms were not scurrilous or underhand, but his sheet, JOHN BULL, became endeared to the public for sensation's sake. There is a sensationalism of morality as well as of vice." We were relieved to read that last sentence.

Air Raids.—Be warned in time, and sign our Free War Insurance Coupon, on page iii of cover.

Those Unclaimed Moneys.

Canada is setting us a fine example by proposing to hand over unclaimed bank balances to her Patriotic Fund. Why are our Chancellors of the Exchequer, as a rule, so frightened of the bankers?

"Billikins Bottomley."

Under this somewhat ambiguous title we are made the subject of a character-study in *The World*. We learn that, regarded in the light of Billikins, "the mystery of our astonishing rise and the secret of our popularity became clear," and that the conspicuous fact in our life is that we have never known when we were beaten. Well, how could we? "Whilst there's life there's hope"—and whilst there's hope, no one is beaten.

Prisoners Here and There.

An officer, twice wounded, now a prisoner in Germany, can take exercise only in a yard paved with cobble-stones. He, and others, find their boots in a deplorable condition, because leather is unprocurable, and none may be sent from this country. Realise, please, that many of our brothers, officers and men alike, must discontinue taking exercise, or must take it on bare feet. And then, just once more, ponder on how we treat Hun prisoners here.

Among the Best.

Mr. Grenville Hammerton, writing in a fiction magazine on "Our Debt to the Merchant Service," spoils a fine subject by a stupid, thoughtless slur. He says: "Ships alone will not solve the problem: men are necessary. Good, reliable, well-trained men, not street scourgings and reformatory boys." Had Mr. Hammerton complete knowledge of his subject, he would know that reformatory boys have made good, in the highest sense of the word, in the Navy and in the merchant service.

"Good Old England!"

Written by a soldier, 50 years old, after a journey "up the line with ammunition":—"When we got back here we were very much surprised to find they have put Egyptians and Chinese working in the docks, and they have taken all our huts away from us to give to such dagoes, while we white men have to sleep in the open or in tents. Fair, isn't it? Good old England!" Surely it is wonderful how Tommy keeps his sunny temper under such provocation, and only jests upon it. But it is *not* fair, all the same.

Manchester's Trams.

Salford, comparatively humble as a mere Borough, allows convalescent soldiers to ride free on its Corporation trams. Manchester, great as a City, makes them pay ordinary fares. A wounded man, who inquired the reason, was told in Manchester that the charge made was Tommy's own fault, because he had "spoilt it." "Ah," comments our friend, with that humour which is as natural as heroism to a Tommy (he is unbeatable in both), "Ah, I know full well that *we* are a lot of trouble!" Manchester might find food for much thought in that simple utterance.

No Hurry!

Readers who complain of delay on the part of the military authorities in the award of decorations for distinguished service need have no undue anxiety. It is not the practice of Whitehall to hurry these matters. For instance, a year or so before the outbreak of the present war a gentleman of our acquaintance received a polite letter from the India Office informing him that he had won the Afghanistan Medal for distinguished service in the campaigns of 1878-9. Lately, the coveted decoration has come safely to hand; so evidently there's been some "speeding up" all round.

Parasitical Profiteers.

The White Star Line directors recently reported a profit of £2,402,758, on a capital of £3,375,000; the British and Argentine Meat Co., has disclosed an increase of profit from £67,000 in 1914 to £411,000, after paying Excess Profits duty. These war profits have been made by a strict regard for moral and religious principles.

Happy Huns.

Whilst German airmen are murdering little school-children in London, our Hun prisoners are having the time of their lives. The other day one of our readers, a shop-keeper in Lewes, was startled to see two of these creatures stroll leisurely into his shop for the purpose of making some purchases. We understand, however, that the incident is no uncommon one. Where was the guard?

The C. O. S.

Charity begins at home—but not always. The suggestion is made to us that the Islington Branch, in Compton Terrace, of the Charity Organisation Society has just engaged a new cleaner, whose work is very heavy. The late cleaner was paid 7s. weekly; the wage of the fresh toiler has been put, for sweet economy's sake, at 4s. 6d. If we are to assume that these allegations are true, the Charity Organisation Society is parodying its name.

"The Limit."

Recently we said of a re-examination case under the Review of Exemptions Act that it was the limit—"if there is any limit." The nearest we have got to the limit to date is the five-months old baby called up for examination and produced at Hull; but the one-legged man who goes about on crutches, and the deaf and dumb baker called for re-examination at Winchester, are certainly two other notable items for the Army Book of Foolery.

Letters From the Front.

Soldiers' letters from the front are, very properly, censored; nobody but a knave would object to that. But, when those letters have been read and passed by an officer, it is not too much to ask that they be properly sealed or fastened down. Full as they often are of private and personal matters, neither sender nor recipient cares to hear of them arriving quite open, to feed the eager, improper curiosity of persons handling them. A small matter, perhaps, but yet one of much delicacy, and even decency.

A Widow's Mite.

The Rev. Mr. Doddrell, of the Wesleyan Circuit, Walthamstow, was on his way to the bank, in his hand—lucky man!—a cheque for £65. The wind—naughty wind!—blew it out of his hand, and he could not find it. Later, a poor widow woman, trying to live on her allowance from the Army, picked up the cheque, and took it, like an honest soul, to the bank, long walk as the way was. "Thank you so much," Mr. Doddrell has written her. "I do not know if you have any children; if so, will you please give one of the little ones these coppers to buy sweets."

The Bar Up.

A well-known Manchester firm of shippers of cotton goods, who once did large business with Germany, have posted this placard in all their departments: "Special Notice. Owing to the Folkestone Air Raid and the murder of women and children, No German, Austrian, Turk, or Bulgarian (nor any person of any nationality representing any firm of the four named countries) must enter these premises either during or at any time after the War. We do business with human beings only." That was after Folkestone. After London, who follows the lead?

Are you collecting "John Bull" Pen Coupons? See page 15.

"Icy Krame-o!"

"Do you know," queries a Middlesbro' correspondent, "that at a critical time like this, when people cannot obtain sugar for food, a firm of provision merchants in this town only a few days ago supplied an Italian ice-cream vendor with 6 cwt. of sugar?" In view of other letters we have received, we are afraid the practice is common.

A Hun on Parole.

An advert. in a Scots newspaper:—"Work wanted on a Farm in the district for a Young Man (German on Parole). Address (Office of Newspaper), Crieff." Now we have it on high German authority that no Hun, unless he be an officer, can give his word of honour, because he has none, so this young German's "parole" is probably worthless. The reader who sends the cutting asks, "What the — do you think of it?" Our thoughts are lurid, but our readers know them.

Hard Employers.

A Nottingham man, employed by Messrs. Baker and Halford as a clerk and collector, often handled from £40 to £70 in a day. He says he was not permitted to count his takings at night, and he was charged with embezzling £2 8s. He is 28, is married, has 2 children, and his salary was "£1 weekly, recently raised to 22s." If the Magistrates would let him off, said the poor fellow, he would withdraw his appeal for exemption and join the Army. The case was adjourned to permit him to do so, and we hope he succeeded. He will be better off, although the Army is a hard employer.

A Quaint Letter.

A certain J.P. wished to execute some trifling repairs to his car, used largely for public purposes. His request for permission was refused by the Ministry of Munitions of War in a letter most carelessly worded. Addressed to "— Esq.," it begins "*Gentlemen.*" It states "I acknowledge receipt of your letter," but that "*we* regret that an 'A' class certificate" cannot be issued in the circumstances "*mentioned by him.*" And it concludes, "I am, *Gentlemen.*" It is signed by somebody on behalf of Mr. Shonnenschein, and either that somebody, or Mr. Shonnenschein, should take a lesson in composition.

An Exalted Horne.

To be a lawyer is to be everything; not to be a lawyer often means to be out of everything. Consider the appointments which have been filled by Mr. R. S. Horne, K.C. Within the short space of five months this learned gentleman has been Assistant Director of the Agricultural Section of National Service; and is now a Director of Military Transportation, with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel (he was first to be a Brigadier General, but that, perhaps, was considered almost too thick), as well as Director of the Navy to control raw material for naval ship-building—not, so far, with the rank of Admiral. Up to the time of printing, we have learned of no other new posts created for this versatile K.C.

A Moving Appeal.

A working man in the Midlands, whose wages probably have never exceeded a couple of pounds a week, lately received an interesting circular from the Professional Classes War Relief Council. With a tear in every line and a sob in every syllable, he was invited to commiserate the sad lot of the lawyer or doctor formerly earning £800 per annum who, as an outcome of the war, had been "severely hit." "You need only send a cheque with your visiting card," the humble workman was informed, "and it will be gratefully acknowledged." Unfortunately, our friend has mislaid both his cheque-book and his card-case, so that he can pay only his tribute of tears to the woes of the professional classes.

£1,000 for a "Bullet."

This week we are increasing the First Prize in our "Bullets" Competition to the sum of £1,000. In addition, over 12,000 other prizes are to be won.

A New "Commission."

We wonder what commission the Chancellor of the Exchequer would allow us on any savings we could effect in our daily war expenditure. Somebody or other must be getting nice little pickings out of that eight millions. On the other hand, Ministers still roll their eyes heavenwards in holy horror at the idea of raising money by either a Lottery or a Premium Bond issue. Even the innocent little Glasgow Tramway flutter—at a penny a time—is prohibited! What canting humbugs we are!

Unblushing Profiteering.

"Frazerton Aprons" are announced as "for Nurses and Household Use." Nurses and housewives might buy some other style, for the manufacturers of these things advertise thusly in a trade journal:—"More Profitable than Ever! An all-round increase in retail prices will come into force from July 1st. The ratio of profit (viz., 30 per cent.) hitherto allowed to the Trade will be continued. . . . Therefore (in consequence of their higher selling prices) Frazerton Aprons will be more profitable to the retailer than ever before." Whack up the prices, drapers! Bleed the poor nurses! The game is "more profitable than ever." What a blazing scandal!

The Shilling Dinner.

A Bradford gentleman has lifted the veil from the dinner-time entertainments of certain Boards and Councils in his district. The North Brierley Guardians, for instance, whether or no they guard the poor properly, certainly look after their own inner man. On Board day this was the feast provided for good Guardians at a shilling per head:—Sirloin of beef, leg of mutton, bread padding, steak and kidney pie, rice pudding, jam tarts, baked and boiled potatoes, other vegetables, bread, cheese, butter, rhubarb, jugs of cream. In these days of economy, rations and high prices, anybody who asked for change out of his shilling after tucking into that little lot might be termed greedy.

Tommy's God.

What do you think of this verse, written by a young Scottish lieutenant who has won the Military Cross?—

A God like a super-bishop in an apron and nice top-hat—
O God, you are God of battles, Forbid that we come to that!

God, you are God of soldiers, merry and rough and kind;
Give to your sons an earth and a heaven more to our mind—
Meat and drink for the body, laughter and song for the soul,

And fighting and clean, quick death to end and complete the whole.

You will find it, and a lot more good stuff like it, in "A Highland Regiment," just published by Mr. Lane.

Out of Evil, Good.

A very considerable proportion of the sufferers from the recent air-raids have reason to be thankful for our free War Insurance scheme. The liberal payments under it have removed the financial burdens so unexpectedly cast upon the relatives of several of those who have, unfortunately, lost their lives; whilst in many cases furniture and effects destroyed have been replaced. To the injured, too, our scheme has been invaluable, enabling them to tide over the period of their incapacity. All these benefits cost readers nothing—so why should any one delay taking the simple but necessary steps to avail himself of them?

£1,000 is waiting for YOU! See page 20.

SIX BOMBS FOR ONE.

LORD FRENCH MUST GO.—MY INDICTMENT.—THE ONLY WAY.

BY N. PEMBERTON BILLING, M.P.

I WRITE this article following immediately on the scene in the House of Commons, when after fifteen months of single-handed fight for air efficiency I deliberately challenged the forms of Parliament in order to direct public attention to a fatal scandal. Who or what is paralysing this nation, stultifying our aerial forces, permitting the Huns to deal devastation and death on our cities and citizens, preventing us from striking the blows that would win us this war? There be many responsible, all of them high in place and power. Now, first of all, I solemnly and deliberately indict the Government, those politicians who appointed to positions of great authority men who are all unfitted for the task entrusted to them, and who, in the blind endeavour to save their own faces, persist in maintaining those men there, imperilling not only the lives of the people, but our ultimate chance of victory. I indict these politicians for their insolent indifference and supineness, seemingly impervious to anything less than the experience—that may yet be theirs—of seeing what so many citizens have seen: the mangled bodies of their wives and children bespattering the débris of their own homes!

The Irony and the Tragedy.

Next, I solemnly indict the System and the man at the head. Lord French, who was relieved of his command in France—since a Field-Marshal must either give success or give way to a successor—was placed in supreme command of the defences of this country. The irony of it, the tragedy of it—a tragedy written in the blood of the victims of his weak, inadequate, ignorant policy, which permitted the Hun airmen to wreak their will on London and Folkestone, and to retreat practically unscathed! And, finally, I indict those officers who—for well over twelve months—not only permitted the known concentration bases for German Zeppelins and aeroplanes to be immune from our attack, but refused to allow the R.N.A.S. to strike at the enemy submarine nests. "Kill them in their nests!" has long been my cry. It is the real, the sure, the practical way—much more practical than trying to treat the German fleet like "rats in a hole." The present incompetents must be replaced by one able man, set in supreme command of the Air Defences of this country, who will wield worthily the latest and the greatest weapon this world has ever known; and who will deliver our Air Service from its present pitiable position as the plaything of naval and military, social and political, intriguers.

Defence by Offence.

In air warfare and against aeroplane attack offence is the only real defence—to carry the war into the enemy's country, as the Huns are doing to us; we should never have allowed them the chance! If French had known his business, he would have told the Government months ago not only that these aeroplane raids were coming but that defence against their daylight attacks was impracticable—defence against their night attacks impossible. He did not do that. He waited for the catastrophe to occur. It is useless to prate about "the Defences of London," about any concentrated defence against expected attack. Keep the Huns off London and they can easily make for Birmingham or Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Newcastle—anywhere they like. It's impossible to prevent their reaching some objective. Let that be understood at once. Any attempt at patrol in force sufficient to intercept and destroy the bomb-droppers is impracticable at the moment; it would involve the retention in this country of first-class fighting machines and pilots, every one of whom is urgently needed at the Front, and who might hang about

uselessly for days and weeks watching for an enemy whom they never sighted. The one preventive is to pay them back in their own coin, and with generous interest. Two bombs for one at the very least—we could do that to-day!—three, four, six bombs for one, if possible, to the very limit of our resources. There is no trouble with these; we have them, ready and waiting to be utilised. At this moment we have at least five hundred aeroplanes, capable of bomb-dropping, practically idle in this country; we have at least five hundred pilots who, although unfitted for air fighting, are quite capable of flying bomb-dropping machines. Form fifty squadrons of ten machines each, and send them over to Germany, to fifty selected towns, none of which need be more than two hours' flight from our base-towns of medium size, their Folkestones and their Scarboroughs, that can be no more defended against those squadrons than our own towns can. They could deliver such a simultaneous blow as would strike the very heart of the Huns with terror. Let them feel that blow, and then give them a second—if they will stand for it, which I doubt, for the Huns wouldn't take these things, as our people do; they are arrant cowards under punishment. Also those squadrons of ours would do far more deadly work than theirs have done here, by reason of the superiority in dash and daring of our pilots—men who are not only the salt of the air but the salt of the earth. The Huns laid out over five hundred people in London the other day, from the height of 11,000 feet or more—they daren't come lower. Our men swoop down and bomb from a few hundred feet. If the Hun air service had our pilots, assuredly I should fear for the outcome of the war; while, alternatively, if the Hun air service had our administration, we should indeed have nothing to fear from it!

Hit Back and Hit Hard!

I say these fifty punitive squadrons could be mobilised at once, commissioned as a great Imperial Air Fleet for carrying out an irresistible offensive over Germany, quite independent of the Naval and Military air operations—and with the control vested in one man, free from all the pernicious influences, the jealousies and intrigues of "gold braid and red tape" that infect and cripple the Service under the present complicated and inefficient administration. It is the one chance—the only way of defending this country, and at the same time of expediting the end of the war. Prosecute air warfare swiftly, ruthlessly over Germany; let the Huns see—and feel—their own homes falling in bloody ruin; give them a taste of what they've given France and Belgium for nigh on three years—what they are giving, and imagine they are going to continue to give, us! We can do it—what is holding us back? A question of principle? If we pretend to refrain from reprisals on principle I say we are damned hypocrites, for that principle was broken by the raid on Freiburg. If we prate of humanitarianism I say that the Huns—vicious in victory, cowards in defeat—deserve no more consideration than a mad dog or a venomous snake—that the only policy and principle they understand, that will have any effect on them, is the policy and principle of brute force, and that it is our duty to the humanity they have outraged to administer it—to carry death and devastation into the heart of their country as they have spread death and devastation throughout Europe. To Hell with pacifists, praters, Party politicians, place-mongers! The lives of our citizens and the honour of our country are at stake. We're out for War—let it be War to the death!

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., Foreign Secretary.

DEAR MR. BALFOUR,—You are no sooner back from your American tour than the amazing suggestion is made that you should accept the Chairmanship of the Irish Convention. I sincerely hope you will do nothing of the kind. There was never a time when the effective control of diplomatic policy was more essential to the prosecution of the war, and once more I suggest to you that at this critical juncture your place is in Whitehall, where your first business should be to sift the peace proposals now afoot, and to re-affirm, in unmistakable fashion, the aims and ends for which we have drawn the sword.

JOHN BULL.

To Captain Bathurst, M.P., ex-Assistant Food Controller.

DEAR CAP.,—What's the matter with you? According to official announcement, you also have resigned on account of ill-health. Lord Devonport had to leave his post owing, I am told, to a sore head; now I am informed that you have had to go away on account of a flea in the ear. If this is so, there must be something dreadfully unhealthy in the atmosphere of Grosvenor House; away from it, I trust his Lordship and yourself will speedily recuperate. Between you and me, and no matter whom else, I think the food profiteers who have done so well out of the partnership thus dissolved should signify the same in the usual manner, and if I can induce 'em to part with enough Treasury notes, I hope to build, to the sacred memory of you both, a monument of petrified bread, surmounted by a lump of sugar set in gold.

JOHN BULL.

To the Commander-in-Chief, Board of Tobacco Control, London.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of official information that "the issue of the schedule fixing the price of tobacco will be made as soon as the inquiry now being made into the justification of the present prices has been completed by the Board of Control." One of the special peculiarities of all the "Controllers" appointed by the Government during the War is that they never start inquiring into the justification for the increase of the prices of anything until the bandits have fixed the ransom and got well away with it. In this case the Chancellor of the Exchequer had hardly got the words announcing a tobacco duty of 1s. 10d. a lb. out of his mouth than they put up the price 2s. 8d. a lb. That seems to be long ago, as time flies, and when I find you are still sitting to inquire into the justification of that ineffable performance I can only marvel at what I must regard as the painstaking thoroughness of your unhurried solicitude for the consumer.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. William Rice, ex-Rector of Sympson, nr. Bletchley.

REV. SIR,—Re your appeal before the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. Justice Coleridge against the Bishop of Oxford's Order inhibiting you from the performance of all ecclesiastical duties in the parish, I cannot understand how you could expect it to succeed. Not only are you deficient in every spiritual quality which adorns the sacred calling, but you are also complete in every human quality which can make it ineffective, offensive, and even ridiculous. Get out as quietly and as decently as you can, and leave the pulpit and altar of Bletchley Church to a man who better knows how to reverence and honour them.

JOHN BULL.

To Lord Justice Scrutton.

MY LORD,—I see that when Counsel, arguing before you, suggested that a certain course might have been adopted, you facetiously suggested that Dora (Defence Of (the) Realm Act) would prevent it. "Dora" is the way among officials of referring to the measure in whose name so many strange things are done and so many weird offences created. When the stress of war is ended and the nation has time to look coolly at what has happened, I am quite certain that Dora will be given short shrift. Dora, you may know, is the diminutive of Dorothea, "the gift of God." But Man or Devil is the father of the Act which turns good men into criminals and virtues into rank offences.

JOHN BULL.

To King Alexander of Greece.

SIR,—I hope that in the process of translation and transmission your address to the people of Greece, over whom you have assumed the rôle of sovereignty, has been woefully misreported. For you are represented as saying that you intend to rule in the spirit of your father. If that be your intention, all I can say is that your reign will be very short. Tino, the treacherous, was the foe of humanity and the enemy of Greece. Pretending to stand by Serbia, he deserted her in the hour of her tribulation; promising to support the Allies in Gallipoli, he played traitor and brought about the great catastrophe of the war. God forbid that you should perpetuate such a spirit! The "mailed fist" of the boasting Kaiser, whose fury at the fall of his puppet is plain for all to see, would avail you nothing. Beware!

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Arthur Boscawen, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Pensions.

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—When recently assisting, at Dudley, the Bishop of Worcester's Mission of Repentance and Hope, you managed to get this off your chest: "It might be that we were suffering for our sins as a nation. . . . Was it not true that we deserved all we had got and a great deal besides?" No, it is not true; it is a wicked slander to say so. But I pass this as simply ordinary rigmarole, and I come to your definite remark: "You did not know that we thoroughly deserved to win." If such a doubt engrosses the grey matter in your brain, your place is not in Parliament, and you have no right to a seat on the Pensions Ministry.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Worcester.

MY LORD,—And a few words to you, regarding what you said upon the same occasion. You had the hardihood to say, "One of the outcomes of the freedom of women was that some of them had broken down into lust." And, not content with this wicked slander upon the sex, you proceed to tell your audience that "in the past the men took advantage of women's love, but to-day the monstrosity was that the position was reversed." The monstrosity is that a man in so high a position should talk such damnable piffle.

JOHN BULL.

To John William Lorden, Esq., ex-Mayor of Wandsworth, Bognor.

SIR,—Than yourself, nobody could well have been a more determined recruiter of the people when you sat on the Wandsworth Tribunal. Yet you were not less vehement in the rôle of advocate before that same Tribunal for your Secretary and Cashier—a man of 32, passed for general service—obtaining six months' exemption for him. I now note that, while the A.B.C. are beseeching their customers to eat less bread and accordingly putting in their pockets more profit, you—a Director of the Company—do not scruple to feed chickens with quantities of bread sent to your order from the A.B.C. bakery in London. You were proved to have used 2 cwt. of bread for this purpose; the testimony of the Town Clerk of Bognor was that 95 per cent. of it was good and wholesome; you were fined £50 and costs. Learn, sir, that the pose of patriotism is one thing, and the reality another.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Dr. Clifford.

DEAR "DOC.,"—In the past I have sometimes agreed with you, occasionally quarrelled with you, but generally respected you—so that it is with genuine regret that I see you getting into bad company, casting the mantle of your protection over peace-cranks, Conscientious Objects, and other enemies of the national cause. In my judgment, your resistance to the proposal to remove "conscientious objectors" from the teaching service of the London County Council betrays an entire misconception of the issues at stake. Personally, I hold that a man whose conscience denies the claims of patriotism is essentially unfitted for the instruction of our future citizens. Upon that plain issue I can accept no compromise.

JOHN BULL.

TRICKERY OR TREACHERY?

THOSE FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN PROMISED BY NEXT MONTH.

BY A. G. HALES.

THE continued reports circulated amongst the British public concerning the smallness of our losses, and the mammoth slaughter in the ranks of the Germans, is recoiling upon the authorities like a boomerang. Small wonder if the public have lost sight of the fact that General Haig some months ago demanded another five hundred thousand men on the Western front by July 1st if we are to maintain our lead and keep the upper hand in that blood-stained region. Our people know, roughly, how many men we have under arms, and they argue that if they have been told the truth in regard to our casualties there can be small need for us to exert ourselves in the matter of more men for Haig. Wherever I have heard the matter discussed, the popular argument has been, "We are pushing the Germans back and killing them like flies, and our own losses are small." I have never credited the tales concerning the casualties in the British Army during the terrific battles that have been fought; it did not and does not seem reasonable to me that we could attack a well-equipped, well-disciplined army of millions, scientifically entrenched in a manner unknown to any other army the world has known, and not suffer losses that would render it imperative for us to find fresh men to fill the gaps. But Ministers have eternally gilded the pill; they voiced the wishes of the commander in the field, and in the same breath informed the public that, owing to the magical quality of ministerial brains in providing an overwhelming quantity of guns and munitions, our own losses amounted to a negligible quantity. It is the same method they have applied to the food question at home and to every other vital question—they were at more pains to save their own faces and so secure votes at the coming General Election than to win the war and safeguard the gallant fellows who have been waging it.

No Blame for the Soldiers.

No blame for man-shortage can be placed on the shoulders of the military chiefs; every one of them, at home and abroad, has dinned the needs of the Army into the ears of our nation. All that General Haig said, Sir William Robertson endorsed and emphasised in the fullest and frankest manner, declaring emphatically that unless five hundred thousand more men were trained and equipped by the first of next month, the war might take on a very serious complexion for us. We had one or two high-falutin orations from prominent politicians in support of the soldiers' demands, but no real effort was made to meet the situation, no real work was done to secure that fresh half-million. Words instead of acts, phrases instead of armed hosts has been the outcome. The First of July is very close to us now. Though the German army has been shaken it is very far from shattered, and it will not be shattered unless Haig gets the men he needs, and for which he asked in good time. He made his demand long before the Russian revolution was an accomplished fact. Sir William Robertson endorsed it long before the Muscovite army was thrown into a state of chaos—and it must be patent to all men of common sense that if Haig needed those new men before the Russian revolution, he needs them doubly now—for the Germans have been enabled to withdraw many divisions of their best men from the Russian front to place them in opposition to the British and French armies. It is worse than useless to complain that the Russian dreamers have let down the democracies of the world. They have, but this is not the time to whimper

about it—this is the time to gird up our loins and make a bigger effort than we would have been called upon to make if Russia had stood steadfast. No one now pretends that Russia is likely to be a fighting factor this year. We may do our best to bring our aims into line with the new régime in Petrograd. But the fact remains that the Russian forces are at a standstill; it is to the West alone that we must look if a decisive blow is to be struck before the winter. Is it to be pretended that the Russian revolution took our politicians completely by surprise? The very hour Haig made his needs known, and Robertson endorsed them, we should have drawn upon the Colonial races of the Empire—and those resources are boundless, so vast that in Africa alone General Smuts states an army could be raised of the finest quality which, if properly officered, might menace the superiority of the white races! Our legislators, led by the nose by the cranks, did nothing in this direction, and very little that matters in any other. We can dismiss the black races from consideration as far as present needs are concerned; we must depend upon ourselves, if we are to win, until America is ready with her millions of superb fighters, and we must now give Haig the 500,000 he demands. One way in which a goodly number could be raised would be to rely upon the Volunteers at present enrolled, and call up fresh men of a certain age to join the same body, using them for home defence and giving every trained officer and man now in Great Britain to Haig by July. The Volunteers are made of the same stuff as the men in the field; they would fight, and fight grimly, for hearth and home—why not rely more upon them? The most that Germany could hope to throw on these shores in the event of a raid would be three hundred thousand men, and we could eat them up in short order if we had a general who really understood home defence—such a man as General Sir Leslie Rundle, Kitchener's left-hand man, who is, I know, available.

What Haig Knew.

I do not think there is much doubt that Haig had a good inkling of German plans when he made his earnest appeal for the additional 500,000. Was it a German hope that by July our troops and the French in the field would be stale? Do they intend to make a giant effort about that time to beat us back over the ground we have won? Have they counted upon the luke-warmness of our political tricksters? Has all their open talk of dependence upon their submarines been so much dust thrown in the eyes of our statesmen? And, above all, did Haig know it and do his level best to prepare for any shock tactics the enemy might employ? One thing is certain—he knew something that the general public of these isles has never realised. Every man in Parliament should have strained himself to the breaking point to carry out the wishes of the soldier at the head of our armies in France. The history of Britain makes this thing plain: that it has always been the meddling and muddling politicians who have crippled our armies in the field and robbed the soldiers of the full fruits of victory. Are they going to do it this time? Never did we have such a windy, wasteful, backboneless set of selfish place-holders as at present. They think of nothing but their own petty and paltry ambition. Self, self, self is the cry of the whole pack. The honour of the Army, the integrity of the Empire, the safety of the populace have no place in their scheme of things. Verily, we want a clean sweep, and we cannot have it too soon.

A DISC AND A LOOK OF HAIR.**MEAN-SPIRITED THIEVES WHO ROB THE HEROIC DEAD.**

It is now some months since it was stated in Parliament that measures had been taken to put an end to the robbery of dead soldiers' effects, a form of theft so unspeakably revolting that one wonders what manner of person can descend to it. But the practice, we are sorry to say, has not ceased. Parents, wives, brothers and sisters at home, nursing their grief, look and long for the arrival in due time of some personal belonging, some relic of their lost loved one, that they may treasure through the years to come. Only too often, when the "effects," officially dispatched, come to the stricken house, the items are sadly slender and valueless. Some nameless scoundrel has looted the pack, has robbed both the dead and the living for the sake of a little greedy gain—some scamp who would risk breaking a mother's heart for a shilling or two of ill-gotten money. The pitiful details of one sad case are before us. A young fellow, an only son, went out with the Glasgow Highlanders, to find his death in France. His little belongings were safe until after his burying, for a soldier chum stayed with the body till then, and can speak to that. In due course the sorrowing mother received word that the effects of the late private had arrived at headquarters in Hamilton, and would be forwarded. They came, a registered parcel containing an identification disc and a battered pocket-book shorn of all its contents—save one little thing. It was a tiny curl, cut from the boy's forehead in his babyhood by his mother, and always carried by the lad. That little curl of fair hair strikes a note of pathos. Did the thief return it because it was valueless to him, or was there one touch of nature in his hard heart? It was, however, the sole redeeming feature, for everything of which money could be made was stolen ruthlessly. The dead soldier's wrist watch, his Testament, cigarette case, gold ring—these, and all else, had disappeared somewhere between France and Scotland. No condemnation can be too severe for such heartless roguery.

SEAMEN MISTAKEN FOR SLACKERS.**WHY A UNIFORM, BADGE, OR ARMLET IS DESIRABLE.**

Early in May a merchant seaman of 15 years' experience paid a call at the docks to find out "when his ship was signing"—and his ship was a Government troopship. Instead of acquiring the knowledge he sought, he had the unpleasant experience of being arrested by a dock-constable as a conscript. He was conveyed to a regimental depot, despite his indignant protests, and detained under arrest for four weeks, so missing his ship and two others, and only secured release by employing a solicitor and by the efforts of his Union. If a badge or uniform can prevent such happenings, one or the other should be provided, for it is a bad way to treat Mercantile Jack. Nobody is doing his duty more nobly and unflinchingly. It is wrong to punish him for doing it.

ARNOLD LUPTON'S REPLY.**INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE EX-MEMBER FOR SLEAFORD.**

Our ex-hon. friend Mr. Arnold Lupton sends us the following reply to the Open Letter we addressed to him:—

You call me a fool; probably you are right. My particular folly lately has been a desire to save my fellow countrymen from slaughter, and my country from financial ruin. Twenty of my young relatives joined our fighting forces, eight have been killed in action, and two seriously wounded; if the war goes on the rest will follow in due course; this is happening to all our families; another year of this war and half of our young manhood will be either killed or crippled. We are now spending eight million pounds a day, and if this is continued till next March our National Debt will be over five thousand million pounds. Our manufactures and trade cannot bear the heavy charges involved. If you, JOHN BULL, instead of triumphing over a feeble mite like myself, would exert your great power to bring this war to an end at once, as desired by Russia, by means of sensible negotiations, you would win for yourself the heartfelt thanks of all mankind, and the angels in Heaven would place an imperishable crown of glory on your head.

We, of course, deeply sympathise with Mr. Lupton in the family bereavements to which he refers, but with all respect to him we think our best way of securing that crown of glory is to insist upon wiping Germany off the face of the map.

AN IMPORTANT WARNING.**BARGAIN SWINDLER'S BRAZEN APPEALS.**

As a further warning against the machinations by Hamilton Belmont—of 3, Aubert Park, Highbury Park, N., and other addresses—the swindling gramophone merchant whose fraudulent tactics we lately exposed in offering a "35-guinea" gorgeous instrument at a ruinous sacrifice, we are able to quote the expert testimony of the *Talking Machine News*, the trade journal of the gramophone industry, which, after reproducing our recent paragraph on the matter, suggests that the following notice should be exhibited in the window of every shop where gramophones are offered for sale:—

A Warning.—For some years past a man has been advertising in the daily and weekly papers offering for sale a gramophone which had cost from £20 to £35 for from five to seven guineas. Various excuses are put forward to account for such a sacrifice. Sometimes the advertiser is going abroad; sometimes he is ill, and cannot stand any kind of music; and sometimes (his time having come) he is called up to join the Army. These advertisements do not appear to issue from any one address or town, nor do they always bear the same name, but it may be safely stated that they all emanate from one source, and that the real value of the machine so advertised is not more than 35s.

This is the bare truth; and we may add that it is not only in the gramophone business that Hamilton Belmont, under various aliases and from various addresses, is engaged—a £12 12s. Motor Rug for £3 3s. and "an Expensive Set Lady's Motoring Furs" at a similar reduction, being among the latest "bargains" offered from Aubert Park, N.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Now London has risen in wrath
Demanding reprisals henceforth
On the fiends who've no pity
For the babes in the City—
Let them learn what our anger is worth!



To Tino the Allies still pander,
Although they compel him to wander,
For the cub he holds up
Is really a pup,
By courtesy called Alexander.



The cause of the Labour unrest
At last, to its shame, stands confessed—
'Tis the vile profiteer,
Who makes everything dear,
So as thereby to feather his nest!

NO one can honestly accuse me of not saying what I mean. If I have one virtue—and Heaven knows I have many faults—it is that of straight talking. Well, I want to have a very plain and square talk with the Prime Minister. He is a great little man. He is still the most trusted statesman in the kingdom, but his "stock" is declining. It is useless mincing words. The air raids have not only shattered homes and scattered the blood of children in the streets—they have shocked the public conscience and angered the national heart. The Hun we know for the cruel, bestial murderer he is. The Kaiser we know for a blasphemous braggart, distorted by epilepsy—morally a degenerate. Let anyone dare to raise the protecting hand for the Kaiser as it has been raised for long months over the head of that treacherous swine Tino, and his position—nay, his life—would not be worth an hour's purchase. Anger, blood-red anger—anger which seeks only revenge for death inflicted on our women, on our little innocents; a requital for the murder bombs—is our portion. We, as a people, are proud of the feeling. Let the prelates prate, let the Archbishops fold their sleek hands over their spotless lawn sleeves and from the shaded security of the House of Lords make professions of horror at the mere mention of reprisals—no one will listen to them now.

Ruthless War in the Air.

I most solemnly warn the Prime Minister that the nation is in no mood for pious sentiments, that it will not brook an hour's delay in carrying a ruthless, sanguined war of the air over enemy towns. What is more, we demand from the Government proper protection for our women and children. Husbands and fathers stand to-day under the burning sun of summer, pressing back the Hun from his iron entrenchments in the West. Their lives they give freely, smilingly, for they believe they are the barrier which love and patriotism have set up between the homes of Britain and the horrors of the Hun. Home to them is a picture of a quiet countryside or peaceful town. Yet we know that the enemy has been allowed to change all that. In the streets of the capital of the Empire men and women and infants have been done to death "unshriven and unanel'd"—without warning they have been done to death, victims of the murder bomb. If some unalterable decree of Fate were involved and mothers and children were called upon to make the supreme sacrifice in the name of victory, we might bow our heads in humble submission. But these things need not, and shall not, be. For long months the Government have known what was threatening. The Old Gang faltered and delayed. Can we acquit the new Government, can we defend Mr. Lloyd George in this matter? Frankly, I cannot. Somebody ought to hang over the scandalous ineptitude which has meant the loss of a hundred lives and the maiming of hundreds more. Folkestone was a disaster; London is a crime. Both might have been prevented if energy, resource, courage and capacity had been revealed "at the top." Don't tell me our airmen are not the finest in the world. I know they are. We have suffered these criminal onslaughts because sloth and stupidity usurp the place of youthful energy and vigorous initiative. Lord

IT'S DAMN TO COLOGNE AND HAMBURG—DON'T

By THE EDITOR

French may have done excellent work in his time—I don't like to impugn the capacity of an old soldier. But I say here and now deliberately that in the public interest the Field-Marshal should retire and leave the defence of London to younger and more vigorous hands. I cannot forget that when the Zeppelins brought death and devastation "darkness and composure" were the only weapons suggested—until the public spirit was roused to danger heat and the Government were forced—literally forced—into aggressive action. With what result? To-day we have scotched the foul bird of the night—he cannot fly his hideous form over these islands without death flames consuming him. Who dares to say that we cannot beat off the aeroplane or that our courage and skill are unequal to the defence of our women and children? The Asquith Government failed from weakness and ineptitude; the Lloyd George Government will have to make way for other men if they cannot defend our women and children. I warn the Prime Minister that the country is thoroughly aroused. After three years of war we have a right to claim efficient protection for our homes. The man who thinks the nation is prepared to suffer the killing and maiming of infants and mothers, while Departments "consider" and officials "confer," is living on the edge of revolution.

The Suffering Innocents.

No decent human being who has eyes to read and a heart to feel can follow the story of suffering innocence, or construct the picture of murderous death flung among the children crooning over their morning's lessons, without feelings of burning indignation—yes, and of shame; indignation at the foul inhumanity of the crime, shame at the thought that this island of ours should be subjected to so humiliating and crying a spectacle. On another page Mr. Pemberton Billing, M.P.—who, be it said to his credit, was for a long time a voice crying in the wilderness for efficiency in the Air Service—tells us, as an expert, the means and the measure of reprisals. It is enough for me and you to know that we can bomb half the towns on the Rhine, to demand of the Government that the good work shall proceed at once. A month ago I wrote on the cant about reprisals. All I said then gains greater emphasis to-day. It may have taken 600 years to build Cologne Cathedral, and it is terrible to think that it might be blown to smithereens in a less number of seconds. But it *does* stand out well, doesn't it? And after Rheims and Louvain I am content to see every cathedral in Germany smashed to atoms rather than that one British babe should die the martyr's death. And what is wrong with Hamburg, once the pride of German shipping? Is that also sacrosanct? The Germans are cowards, arrant cowards. Let our bombs fall upon the just and the unjust alike—let their babes and mothers lie prostrate in death, or mangled and bleeding—and these raids will stop. But the reprisal must be

UNABLE!

DON'T EXPLOIT OUR PATRIOTISM.

EDITOR.

real—not the half-hearted kind of thing the Hidden Hand would work. Cruel, consistent, daily, hourly reprisals! And the defence at home must be a real defence. That is my first warning to the Prime Minister—for after all he is the head, and he must be held responsible.

Danger in the Path.

I say, further, that in spite of long weeks of wonderful doings in the West—where the soldier has retrieved the mistakes of the politician and has won mighty victories in face of incredible dangers and difficulties—the People are once more grumbling. It is worse than useless—it is wicked, it is dangerous—to deny the evidences of one's ears and eyes, to shut off the light from self-demonstrated facts and to pretend that all is well at home. This is a war of democracies against ruling castes, and only so long as the People believe that the war is being conducted in the great interests of true nationality, and sane Imperialism, will they be content to pile up sacrifices. When the Prime Minister was called to the highest position in the State he was given a blank cheque on our patriotism, on a People's faith and trust. To-day there is a growing suspicion that many of the cheques so lavishly drawn have been used for tainted purposes—that unfair advantage has been taken of our confidence and our good-will to restrict our just liberties and to hamper our daily lives by embargoes and restrictions imposed at the dictates of the faddist, not made imperative by the needs of the war. Let me say, for more than the hundredth time, that the nation is ready to submit to any hardship, is willing to suffer any discomfort, that the fighting man may fight with greater strength, that the war may be brought to a speedy and triumphant issue. But liberty was never bred of injustice, or freedom secured by imposing an autocratic will upon a People. In countless ways the Government are antagonising the nation, irritating the mind of the public, and setting up barriers to victory. Deliberately to put upon our liberties restrictions which are proclaimed in the name of public necessity, when in truth they are engineered by killjoys and cranks—to interfere with the life of the nation by stupid and irritating limitations when all the time you are calling for superhuman efforts and immense sacrifices—is endangering the coming victory. I should be the last to endeavour to breed ill-feeling among those called upon to serve their country in the fields of war. But I know that the way in which brave men, discharged from the Army because of wounds, have been torn again from civil life has created widespread anger and bitterness—while the many breaches of faith over the only son of the widow and the one-man business, together with the lurid farce of voluntary service, have stirred up dangerous discontent. And the scandal of the profiteer has reached revolution point. Ever since the war this ugly spectre has grown because of the

Government's indifference to the complaints of the poor. They are making dangerous drains on the resources of patriotism and goodwill. Late in the day—perilously late—they are at last "considering" the question of the profiteer—of that dastardly, hideous, inhuman creature who is bleeding the poor that he may grow rich, who is making great fortunes out of the blood and sufferings of the People.

Beer and Racing.

I say this: that the nation is now more than suspicious—it is covertly in revolt; and that the Government which dares to exploit the war-worker for the sake of the humbug and the faddist is certain of disaster. Recently I have been up and down the country urging the importance of racing to the horse-breeding industry, an industry without which our cavalry could not exist and for lack of which our horsemen would never be able to ride in triumph into Berlin. Well, I know the opinion of "the man in the street" on that subject, and it does not march with the views of Downing Street. Another and one of the most crying grievances of the moment is the shortage of beer. Those who hold beer drinking to be a sin will offer prayers of thanksgiving. But those who understand the facts, who realise that beer drinking is a British habit many centuries old, that beer to many a worker, taken in moderate libations, is both meat and drink—that he cannot do without it and would not if he could—the shortage of beer is a practical and a present danger. Now I do not want to say one unkind word of the Prime Minister. His task is a mighty one, his responsibility big enough to appal a Napoleon. But Mr. Lloyd George is suspect on this and on other questions which in the past have been made the sport of faddists and factions. Do you know that to-day there is risk of wheat shortage, not only because of the U-boat—that is another form of danger—but because the farmer who wants to secure the thrashing of stored crops cannot offer the labourers a pint of beer? The hay harvest, which is likely to be plentiful in the fields, will be in jeopardy for the same reason?

Over-drawing the Account.

This deprivation of beer, plus the exploitation by the brewers who are charging champagne prices for stuff not distinguishable from "swipes," will cause serious, calamitous trouble, unless the Prime Minister has the common sense and the courage to turn a deaf ear to the bigots, and concede to the man who works the right to the food and drink that sustain him, good in quality and reasonable in price. I say quite solemnly to the Prime Minister, that he is over-drawing his account at the Imperial Bank of Patriotism, and if he finds that his cheques are dishonoured he will only have himself to blame. But it is the nation and the nation's cause that will suffer. This nation, fighting for its life, sacrificing everything that its women and children may be spared, demands that those sacrifices should not be made in vain. It is a hollow mockery to pretend that the infant and the school-girl must also be offered up to the Devil of War, and that there is none to save them. You can test democracy to breaking-point. The Government which is suspected of exploiting the People for malicious ends or of indifference to the cry of the poor and the defenceless cannot endure.

THE LEECHES AND THEIR VICTIM.



And then they wonder at "Labour unrest"!

WICKED WASTE.

CAN FOOD SHORTAGE BE ALL BUNKUM?

Though on every side the walls shriek at us to stop waste and eat less on account of the scarcity of food supplies, not a doubt exists in our minds that in many quarters food has been and is being wilfully allowed to rot to maintain the prices of the profiteers. The less food in the market the higher the prices. Rather than bring it to market the men concerned in maintaining prices at their maximum as far and as long as possible keep back perishable stocks until they are unfit for human food. We hear of hundreds of cases of bacon, each weighing about 6 cwt., being sent to a soap factory from the neighbourhood of Tooley Street, and of "about 100 cases" of eggs being kept in the same quarter till they were bad, and £10,000 worth of bacon lying rotting in the sun at Victoria Docks. A Partick reader vouches for seeing a wagon load of swede turnips dumped into a manure bin at the Caledonian Railway Co.'s siding. On the invitation, too, of "A Transport Worker" who asked us to "spare one of our staff just to run down to Central Station, Royal Albert Docks, and walk as far as between 15 and 17 sheds" we were able to satisfy ourselves that a very large number of sacks of wheat—our correspondent estimates them as 500—discharged from a White Star liner seven or eight weeks ago, were wasting and rotting by the water, the bags rat-eaten and the contents, judging by the sample before us, white with fungus. "You could also find evidence," we are told "of other wicked waste of corn swept up every day with the muck and dirt of the quays, etc." And at the moment this is being written, eighty tons of potatoes, unclaimed for use by the Government for the military forces, are going bad in a Middlesbrough warehouse; this on the authority of a local Councillor, Mr. Devine. How can Ministers expect to convince anybody of even the slightest intelligence of the reality of food scarcity amid all these visible signs of criminal negligence and miscontrol? There will have to be a change, or assuredly there will be a row in which Messrs. Lloyd George & Co. will be swept away like chaff before a breeze.

A BLACKGUARDLY SCHOOLMASTER.

COWARDLY FATHER OF A BED-RIDDEN WOMAN'S CHILD

For sheer fleshly blackguardism it would be difficult, we should think, to find an equal of George Summers Joce, the schoolmaster of Colyton, a married man with six children, summoned at Axminster to show cause why he should not maintain the child of a single bedridden woman who had to be carried into court on a stretcher. The complainant in the case was at one time an assistant at a draper's shop near the house where the man lived with his wife and family. A visiting friendship sprang up between her and the Joces. By-and-by she was stricken with consumption, and was compelled to keep to her bed. The mother, glad to be relieved at times of her exhausting vigil as nurse, welcomed the visits of the Joces, and "defendant had been in the habit of going to see complainant for years." Trusted by her mother, he sometimes called three times a day. Something happened, and presently the poor, helpless, bedstricken woman realised that the secret she had nursed in her bosom she could nurse no longer. She had nursed it in agony and fear "first, because she thought defendant might do something desperate either to himself or to her"; but the most pathetic reason of all was that she "felt certain she would die before the child was born, and then none would know of her condition." Giving evidence, a clergyman said when he saw the girl three weeks before the birth of the child, she was out of her mind and he did not think she knew of her condition. Joce himself denied the allegation against him. It was not, however, suggested that there was or could be in the circumstances any other father of the child, and "the Bench unanimously found that the case was proved." For the woman, what a tragedy; for the man who took advantage of her weakness like a blackguard and tried to sneak out of his responsibility like a liar, a hypocrite, and a cad, what an infamy! "Personally knowing the man," writes "A Mother of Eleven" to us, "do you think he is a fit person to teach children?" We do not, and it goes without saying, surely, that the Managers of the Colyton school have dispensed with his services.

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Your Anti-Mosquito preparation "PARASITOX," must receive my unqualified praise. The Mosquitoes last summer, especially at certain parts of the lines, were terrible, and but for your most excellent preparation, I don't know what I should have done. The ordinary condition is balneus, but when the Mosquito Pest is added, they turn one's so-called sleeping house into perfect hell."

(Signed)—Medical Aid Major
1st Class } Armie Francaise.
36 Corps

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from being spoilt and our nights made a time of loathing and discomfort by the attacks of body-vermin—the plague that no soldier escapes.



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FREE FROM LICE.
Having been in France for over ten months and passing the greater part of that time in the Trenches, you will readily understand how very difficult it was for me to keep free from lice. I tried a few so-called remedies with little success, until a friend advised me to try "Parasitox." I did, and the result was as speedy as it was perfect, for in two days' time I was entirely free from vermin. I may add that a few of my brother officers have derived as much benefit from "Parasitox" as I have, and that is saying much.

Yours truly,
(Signed)—T. B. H., 2nd. Lt.

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THE BREECHES BOOM.

A SPURIOUS SYMPOSIUM.

The breeches advocates are not to have it all their own way, it appears. Since the proposal appeared in the Press to take down the trousers from their seat, so to speak, and exalt the breeches in their place, we have been well-nigh snowed under with letters of protest from alarmed, indignant, and perturbed correspondents, to whom the trousers of convention are sacrosanct.

THE REV F. B. MEYER writes: "I am unspeakably shocked by the suggestion that trousers should be discarded in favour of breeches. Trousers serve the moral purpose of concealing with their rigid outline the contour of the limbs which they encase. It is more than sufficient that the religious-minded should be hourly shocked and affronted by brazen hussies appearing in public with skirts so short as to display their calves to the eyes of strange men. If the outlines of the legs of man are to be as shamelessly shown, it will mean the *Mene, mene tchel* of the British Empire."

A. NUTT, Esq. (invalided out) exclaims on a postcard: "Here, I say, you know! This breeches idea is simply piffle. How is a fellow to hitch his trousers up and show his fancy socks when he sits down if he wears beastly breeches?"

From the RT. HON. ARTHUR BALFOUR: "I am troubled with some philosophic doubt as to the wisdom of exchanging trousers for breeches. The supreme advantage of trousers is that they conceal any inequality in calves, and permit men of diverse physique to meet on a level footing, as it were. It is notorious that men possessed of large calves are by nature overbearing. Give them an opportunity to display

their legs to the disadvantage of men of lesser muscular development, and they will be unbearable."

THE BISHOP OF LONDON writes: "As a strong advocate of marriage, I read with alarm the proposal to displace trousers by breeches. Such a 'reform' would necessarily re-act upon the cause I have at heart. Women are attracted by masculine strength and physical symmetry. Modern male attire enables many a man to conceal his muscular deficiencies and win the girl of his heart. The universal adoption of breeches would make such venial deceptions impossible and doom many a worthy young man, strong in character but weak in the matter of legs, to a life of single wretchedness. Another point: The general assumption of breeches by the clergy, combined with the prohibition of starch, would have the effect of largely obliterating the outward distinction between bishops and curates and the congregations committed to their charge. Such a state of affairs would be deplorable."

MISS PHILAPPER writes: "Dear John, I hope you are not in favour of breeches for men. If you are, please don't be any longer, you dear old precious thing. A judicious (and on occasion a slightly indiscreet) display of ankle, etc., is one of the most priceless prerogatives we girls possess, and one of very few left nowadays. Help us to preserve it! It means so much to us, and we ought not to be subjected to male competition."

One discordant note in the chorus of disapproval is struck by MISS MARIE LLOYD, who wires: "Down with trousers! Once more into the breeches, dear friend!"

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—

"The Prime Minister had the satisfaction of hearing . . . the report of the terrific mine explosion with which the new offensive opened . . . Mr. Lloyd George . . . LAST NIGHT gave orders that he wished to be called at 8 o'clock YESTERDAY MORNING."

"SMART NOVELS":—

"All this while he had KEPT RAY IN SIGHT, but HE HAD NOT SEEN HER."

"MORECAMBE VISITER" (advertisement):—
"WANTED, Slater and Plasterer and GOOD MONEY."

"EASTBOURNE GAZETTE":—

"He . . . has two brothers FIGHTING IN FRANCE. One is in MESOPOTAMIA and the other in ENGLAND."

ALICE MAUD MEADOWS (in "Out from the Night"):—

"She UNCLASPED MY LEGS WITH A SIGH . . . She RAN ON before me, WALKING BACKWARDS."

REV. ROWLAND CARDWELL (in *The Trigg Major Ruridecanal Magazine*):—

"My VOICE WILL TELL YOU how much better I am WITHOUT A WORD FROM ME."

"ARMLEY AND WORTLIY NEWS":—

"All were COMFORTABLE FOR THE NIGHT when the bugles sounded lights out at 10.15 A.M."

"MID-SUSSEX TIMES":—

"Wednesday, 4th July, is to be a GREAT DAY in Balcombe . . . NO PAINS WILL BE TAKEN to make the day a festive one for all."

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THE SECRET OF A SIMPLE CURE.

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TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, 19th August, 1916.

Improvement at Canterbury.

A short time ago we echoed the grouse of the 7th Battalion of a certain regiment at Canterbury, the men considering that they were being overworked. We find that a new Colonel has taken over the battalion, which before his advent was very slack, and is tuning it up. Even the loudest growlers of a few weeks ago are now proud of their unit, which will soon be on a footing with the Guards.

Hazing the Soldier.

This is an extract from Regimental Orders by Lieut.-Colonel Sladen of the 2-5 Royal West Surrey Regiment, itself an echo of a Brigade Order—"1. There will be no smoking in the Brigade either during the training hours or during the short intervals. 2. There will be no smoking during route marching either on the march or during short halts. 3. There will be no smoking during night operations, from the time troops leave camp until they return. 4. The only exception to the above is that when troops are out for the whole day, the men may smoke during the midday halt, after dinner." In the days of the old Army, when men were marching at ease they were allowed to smoke. Why this annoying and pettifogging restriction?

Comfort for Tommy.

Tommy kicks because he cannot have leave every week, and complains that the Officer can get it when he likes. But what about this Order, from the Officer Commanding troops at Knockaloe, Isle of Man?—"The Brigadier-General would like it made known to the Officers under your Command that he cannot, under the present exacting conditions of work, grant leave to Officers more than once in every 6 months, and such leave will not usually be for more than six days."

You and Me.

An officer in an aviation camp in France engaged with his pals in horseplay and broke his leg. The doctor certified that he received his injuries during physical training, and the injured man thereupon received a wound gratuity of £60—yet there are other Officers who have been knocked out in action and have been refused gratuities because they suffer from flesh wounds only. Another little matter: wounded Officers conveyed to Dorchester House, Park Lane, are charged for the use of the ambulance. Is the Army Council Board awake?

An Appeal to the Duke.

We note that a Brigade Order issued at Carburton Camp, four miles from Worksop, lays down that no officer, N.C.O. or man is allowed to fish in the lakes or streams in the neighbourhood. As most of our waters are now over-stocked with fish—which is bad for them—we do not see what harm could result if permission were given to our soldiers to use the rod. We, therefore, suggest to the Duke of Portland—the owner of the waters, and a friend of our soldiers—that he might take steps to have the restriction removed.

Manslaughter or Ignorance?

Down on the South Coast an artilleryman reported sick, with a sore throat. The intelligent Medical Officer painted the part with iodine. The poor fellow could eat no food but such slops as his comrades bought for him. On their suggestion he reported to the hospital, but was not admitted as he had not the authority of the medico. Although he was merely endeavouring to save his life, he was charged with malingering and given five days c.b. After about a month's suffering he died—the cause of his death, it is said, being cancer in the throat.

When will the people we call Authorities look after our men?

Why the Difference?

On H.M.S. *Mars*, and we believe on other ships, Officers get their tobacco duty free, while the men have to pay the impost. Again we ask, why? We would also like to know why the boys who clean the sick-bay on the same ship and do messenger duties receive two guineas a week wages.

Hard Lying Money.

This does not refer, as a civilian might think, to a fee paid to a witness for giving false evidence—"hard lying money" is the Service term denoting a sum which is supposed to be granted by the Admiralty to Naval men in certain circumstances. In countless cases those entitled to it are whistling, with empty pockets, and we put it to Sir Edward Carson that he might look into the matter.

Isn't it Amazing?

Over twelve months ago an alien enemy at Invergordon, who was in a splendid position to spy for the Kaiser, was interned. He is back now in his shop, up against a wharf where many very valuable hints may be gleaned for his Imperial master. Who is to blame? The Naval men are on their hind legs over the matter.

Our Pensions Inquiry Department.

By Our Pensions Expert.

J. W. (Letterkenny).—If you are permanently bed-ridden, your pension will be 27s. 6d. a week.

J. T. (Hull).—As you have lost your left arm at the shoulder joint, your weekly pension will amount to 19s. 3d.

N. S. (Finsbury Park).—For the loss of two fingers of your right hand your pension will be 6s. 6d. a week, as you are a third-class Non-commissioned Officer.

"OLD SOLDIER" (Crewe).—The scale of pension for a private suffering from very severe facial disfigurement is 27s. 6d. a week.

"DONE HIS BIT" (Londonderry).—I communicated with the Pensions Minister and am glad to know that you will come under the new scale of pensions, with arrears.

"HARD-UP" (Hartlepool).—The amount granted to you will depend upon your loss in earning power.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers Fund.")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

Saw Him Through.

Suffering from shell-shock, due to being buried in a trench, an ex-soldier finds that he can work only intermittently. He has, therefore, been compelled to sell most of his furniture, and even then was in debt for rent, his small pension being insufficient to live upon. We saw him through.

A Septuagenarian Victim.

A soldier boy volunteered for service, leaving at home his widowed mother, aged 70. The total income of the poor woman consists of a very small separation allowance and 3s. 6d. Old Age Pension. She wrote to her son in her distress, and he communicated with us—with the usual result.

After Three Months.

A man broke down after three months' service with the Colours, and is now at home, with his wife and two children, awaiting the pleasure of the Pensions authorities. In the meantime he cannot work, and the condition of his family was lamentable until he came to Long Acre.

"Unto Him that Hath!"

The Civil Liabilities Department is supposed to exist for the purpose of helping the distressed families of soldiers. Having studied the matter very carefully for some months, we confess that we are still at a loss to understand on what lines the depart-

ment is run. We find that families who pay income-tax are abundantly helped, whereas in many cases those who do not pay the tax—indeed have a hard task to find rent and purchase the barest necessities of life—are left out in the cold. In these days of Commissions of inquiry it would not be amiss if some Member of Parliament obtained the appointment of one to sit and investigate the doings of this bureau.

Brave, but Broken Down.

A soldier's wife, who has only 12s. 6d. a week separation allowance, has on her shoulders the burden of an invalid mother and a sister who is mentally defective. How the poor woman kept her head above water is a mystery; but she did it. However, illness overtook her and broke down her defences. We gave her help, and have put her in touch with the local War Pensions Committee, who are further looking after her.

Where Help is Given.

We would again remind soldiers' wives and dependents that, in all cases of illness, if application is made to the Secretary of the local War Pensions Committee, who will be found at the Town Hall, monetary assistance to tide over the trouble will be immediately given.

Sent Back to Die.

A lad was returned, dressed in sailor clothing, from a sea training home in the south, the poor boy being in consumption. The authorities seem to have been in a hurry to get rid of him, as he arrived in London within a few hours of a telegram they had sent to his mother stating that he was not physically fit for a sailor's life. The poor woman was ~~not~~ in a position to buy the unfortunate lad clothing and provide medical necessities, so—as the father is a soldier—we took the case up.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mrs. F. (Essex), 1s.; "Sine Ceru," 10s.; "A Few Signalmen at Willeaden Junction," 10s.; Mrs. M. R., 2s.; E. F. C. (Bournemouth), £1 1s.; "Bert's Mother, in Remembrance," 2s. 6d.; Part of Proceeds of Sale of Work at Infants' School, Carrcroft, 10s.; B. A. C. (Hackney), 5s.; E. B. (Hammersmith), 3s. 6d.; Mrs. W. (Durham), 1s. 6d.; "Worried Mother" (Manor Park), 1s.; T. W., 10s.; "Soldier's Wife" (Brentwood), 2s. 6d.; E. T. D., £5; W. H. (Liverpool), 1s.; F. B. S. (Woking), 2s. 6d.; C. F. T. (Liverpool), 5s.; J. A. (Reading), 5s.; Volker Lighting Corporation (Wandsworth), £5 0s. 6d.; "We Four" (Birmingham), 12s.; "Jo," 10s.; M. M., 2s.; "A Coalie," 1s.; W. N. (Newfoundland), 4s.; Pte. J. A. H., 1s.; Mrs. A., 6d.; E. R. S. (Aldersney), 10s. 6d.; B. B., 2s. 6d.; "Soldier's Widow," 2s. 6d.; "Little Jimmy," 1s.; W. E. D. (Brixton), 1s.; P. A. B. (Watford), 1s. 6d.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros. Aeroplane Works, Eastchurch, £1; "Thankful," 1s.; "Silver Thimble," 2s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; Pte. W. E., 1s.; Mrs. M. W. L. (York), 5s.; "A Little Johnnie," 8s.; "An Australian," £1; "Poetry" (R.D.C.), 3s. 6d.; W. E. T. (Sydney), £5; E. B., 2s.; "All British," 10s.; M. H. W., 6d.; W. T. R. (Oxford), 2s.; R. M. (Berks), 2s.; "Tiny Tot," 1s.; "The Idiot," 5s.; "An Admirer," 2s. 6d.; M. M., 3s.; E. H. (Edinburgh), 1s.; J. H. B. (B.E.F.), £5; W. L. K. (Litherland), 10s.; E. R. M., 1s.; T. N., 6d.; "A Family's Mite," 1s. 6d.; F. W. T., 1s.; E. B., 2s. 6d.; "Jack's Pal," 2s.; D. C., 2s. 6d.; Mr. R. Haigh, the winner of the £500 in our 23rd "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.



THE INSURANCE POOL

FOR SELECTED RISKS

PRIVATE HOUSEHOLDERS' INSURANCES
NOW GIVE FREE COVER AGAINST WAR RISKS.

THE FAMILY COMPREHENSIVE POLICY
at 4/6 per cent.

With Pool privileges (including annual distribution of Profits)
is the most complete and secure Policy & the cheapest.

LICENSES INSURANCE CORPORATION & GUARANTEE FUND, LTD.
24, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PLAYER'S "COUNTRY LIFE" Cigarettes

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

Pure Virginia Tobacco



10 for 4¹/₂^{D.}
50 for 1/10

These cigarettes are also supplied at Duty Free Rates for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital. Terms and particulars on application to—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS
Nottingham.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co.
(of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.
P.553

Regimental Uniforms:
Indian Army, Imperial Cadet Corps.

A SPECIAL OFFER

Of Health and Happiness
and 4/6 worth for 2/3
One trial bottle only.

Are you ill? Are you run down? Is some dear one weak and ailing—maybe convalescent after wounds of war, wounds in the body, or wounds to the war-worn mind and spirit? Are you suffering from anaemia, debility, sleeplessness, nervous breakdown, want of appetite, indigestion or a wasting disease? Then see how keen we are to prove to you what a real tonic will do—a tonic whose ingredients are known; plainly published; signed by the famous authority, Sir Charles Cameron, former President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland. The tonic is the wine food, Winox. It is the only wine tonic that publishes an exact analysis of its contents on each and every bottle. We shall not dilate upon how you feel, nor how your invalid relative or friend feels. You know all that. But we do want to prove to you what Winox will do.



To prove our implicit confidence in Winox, we will send you a large, rich, life bringing bottle of Winox—the full, regular 4/6 size—for 2/3 only. We know what Winox will do. Cut this advt. out and enclose with P.O. value 2/3 to WINOX LTD., Kew Foot Road, Richmond, Surrey, and get wonderful Winox.

If you have already tried Winox, we put you on your honour not to avail yourself of this offer.

WINOX

The Tonic whose
Contents are Known

BROOKS

is the invariable choice of experienced Cyclists, because they know that no other saddle is comparable in comfort-giving qualities.

WRITE FOR THE BROOKS BOOK.

J.B. BROOKS & CO. LTD.
92, Criterion Works, BIRMINGHAM.



WHEN stung by gnats, mosquitoes, wasps, or other insects, quickly apply POND'S EXTRACT to stop the pain, reduce the inflamed swelling and avoid blood-poisoning.

POND'S EXTRACT is a powerful antiseptic with 70 years' reputation, and is the safest and best of all household remedies for Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Sore Feet, Sun-burn, Varicose Veins, Piles, etc.

Never be without a bottle in the house. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. Sold by all Chemists and Stores in sealed bottle (with book of directions), at 1/3, 2/6 and 5/-.

POND'S EXTRACT CO (Dept. J.B.), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Pond's Extract

The Old Family Doctor

COMPANY MEETING.

FORESTAL LAND, TIMBER AND RAILWAYS COMPANY.

The eleventh ordinary general meeting of the Forestal Land, Timber, and Railways Company, Ltd., was held on Friday, the 15th inst., at River Plate House, Finsbury Circus, E.C., the Hon. Sir Arthur Lawley, G.C.S.I. (chairman), presiding.

The Chairman said, as regards the balance-sheet and report, he thought he would not be accused of employing extravagant language if he claimed that the results of the past year's working were altogether good. (Cheers.)

With the additions made to it this year, the depreciation fund amounted to £773,212, the general reserve stood at 25 per cent. of the issued share capital, or £773,924, while the special reserve account aggregated £150,000. They had set aside from the profits of 1915-16 for excess profits duty, war, and other contingencies the sum of £800,000. The carry forward to the credit of the Preference shares now amounted to £46,061, and to the credit of the Ordinary shares to £138,161.

Baron Emile B. d'Erlanger, in seconding the resolution, said he wished to emphasise one point, and that was that, although they would try in the future to emulate the results now reported, and even to surpass them, it could not be expected that they would be repeated in consecutive years. At the same time, he thought the results of the current year would be satisfactory.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA LEGAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

Chief Office: ST. ANDREW STREET, LONDON, E.C.
 Claims Paid £11,700,000
 Cash Bonuses Paid £800,000
 War Claims Paid to date over £310,000
 Life and Endowment Assurances at Popular Rates.
 Our numerous Branch Offices and Agents throughout the Kingdom transact National Health Insurance.
 ARTHUR HENRI Secretary

Health Specialist's FREE DIAGNOSIS

Every reader of "John Bull" who values his or her health and happiness is urged to write at once to Thomas Inch, with particulars of health ailments, and receive his opinion on the case—no charge what ever and no obligation. To all who write a FREE BOOK, intensely interesting and instructive, showing how Nerve, Stomach or Heart Weakness, can be cured by simple means (inexpensive home treatment), will be sent. Ill health, depression and worry, indigestion, brain fog, lassitude—that "tired feeling"—can all be quickly got rid of. Self-consciousness and blushing easily cured. Personal appearance wonderfully improved. Why continue to suffer? A list of well-known papers which recommend the treatment will be sent; cases taken under guarantee. Without health, happiness and success are impossible. Let me show you how to be a success and not a failure.

Send two stamps towards postage and full details to
 THOMAS INCH, Health Consultant (Dept. B.),
 74, Clarendon Road, Putney, LONDON, S.W.15
 DO IT NOW!!!



KEATING'S POWDER
 KILLS BODY VERMIN
 FLEAS MOTH
 TINS, 3d., 6d., 1/-



FREEMAN'S REAL TURTLE SOUP
 made in a minute with
 Freeman's Real
 Turtle Cubes.
 Four in a box 1/-

Fight the Germs
 that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease.
TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS, and INTERNAL GROWTHS do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, **DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS,** warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.
VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE
 by removing the cause. It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.
 Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send postcard for FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept. J. B.), Park Square, Leeds.

Vitadatio
 THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance. Letters must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 23, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.

RIFLEMAN P. G. (London Irish).—For the moment, we have said our say on the Irish question. Our view is that you boys have done more for the cause of Ireland than all the politicians put together.

"LONGTEMPS" (B.E.F.).—Well, Mr. Ashmead Bartlett is one war correspondent who thinks that Russia, offensively regarded, is out of the war. At present, the Censor prevents us thinking aloud.

"AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER" (Portland).—"The men who have fought for the principle of democratic rule will be satisfied with nothing less when they return to their own countries." That's a bull-point, sonny!

J. S. (Manchester).—The Honours List is often so curious a compilation that the honour consists in being out of it.

R. J. S. (Edmonton, Can.).—"One would hate to see a revolution in Britain, but it is coming to it if things don't change for the better, as sure as H—." Sh! Don't be so heated.

"METHIL" (Fife) thinks there is something "too canny" in the way Mr. Harry Lauder, "who has made his fortune by glorifying the booze," is identifying himself with the Prohibitionist cranks. But think of the money Mr. Lauder will save by clinging to the pump during the war and for six months after!

"REV." (Kensington).—The truth is that many are not Medical Boards at all. They are Burial Boards.

H. A. C. (Brighton).—Your complaints are justified, but you musn't say you are "losing heart." That would not be fair to our brave lads at the Front.

E. J. S. (Chiswick, W.).—"Your article is well to the point." So we thought when we wrote it.

"AIRCRAFT" (Chard).—Your plan received for stopping the war in a few weeks by scattering leaflets in Germany from Allied aeroplanes. Afraid it's a rather airy speculation.

"SWINDON."—"A factory here got exemptions galore, the men boasting how they had twisted the Government. The job is nearly finished, and the men say they are going to slip off to another one." Perhaps the Mil. Rep. will take due note.

"FED-UP" (Fulham).—Even if you have the soul of a worm, don't make a fuss about it. It isn't a British Possession.

H. A. W. (Manchester).—Our contention all along, week after week and month after month, has been that the "other goods" trick would be worked, but surreptitiously, precisely as before.

"MUNITION WORKER" (Edmonton).—"There's a wide difference of opinion on the early closing Shop Order. It is certainly not a boon to workers who rise with the lark and return home to find the shutters up."

"AGRICOLA" (Appleby) says that "all landowners and tenants are not entirely black." Agreed. Our agricultural expert says some of 'em are green.

"MISS" (S. Kensington) suggests reviving the "Why aren't you in khaki?" crusade among women. If she does she will probably have to blush at the retort, "And why haven't you a war baby?"

"ANOTHER SAILORMAN" (Milford Haven).—You quite misunderstand the original "Sailorman"; nobody blames the patrol service, who are in the danger zone all the while. The complaint was against indicating a safe passage that wasn't safe.

T. W. (Auckley).—Mr. Brooke Smith, of Auckley, who served in the Sussex Regiment 50 years ago, after sending 1,000 gifts to his old battalion is now selling his turn-out, which cost £80, for the same comrades. A grand old man.

"MANHELP" (Edinburgh).—We were aware that a number of innocent persons, including several shop-assistants, had been wrongfully accused of the thefts committed by P.S. Sim. That was chiefly why we published the truth.

N. R. (Erdington).—"Mother Nature wants to draw her children unto her soft, warm breast." You have chosen a most sweet and ladylike expression to emphasise the demands of agriculture.

Mrs. B. (Tooting).—"The Britannia Tea Co., Gray's Inn Road, say customers who miss taking their tea two consecutive weeks will be crossed off their books. Yet they have sent me no canvasser for three weeks." Never deal with any "cash gift" tea people; we have often given that warning.

A. H. W. (Notting Hill).—You are a discharged soldier, papers marked "Sober, steady, reliable," and your present line is giving potatoes in exchange for rags, all fair weight. Obviously, any derogatory remarks about others do not apply to a square man like you.

R. M. B. (Tottenham).—That was a jolly interesting cutting you sent us. Only you forgot to send it.

J. C. (Canterbury).—So Merlin—which was the alias of Mrs. Frances Campbell—means "a kind of hawk" does it?

J. B. (Forest Gate).—Baron de Forest was the first civilian M.P. to join up and go to the front, and has been invalided out of the Army.

INSPECTOR G. W. MAYNE (Tyne Police) is anxious we should explain that "the object, Richard Main," referred to under the heading "Tyne Main" in a recent issue, is in no way connected with him.

"LOUISE" (N.W.).—Cannot say why they would not let you send to England for private use potatoes from "a place in Ireland where they were rotting in plenty." Perhaps they regarded you as an unconscionable potato hoarder.

"PSALMIST" (Leeds).—"Come let us sing unto the Lord Devonport whose ways are queer, Bless him for the huge golden horde He sent the profiteer." No Amen from us.

W. H. (Bath) thinks she may be the lady of Bath who goes a-walking with four dogs. "If so," she says, "they are my stock in trade. Sorry I can't take out two babies also, but as it happens I haven't any." Perhaps she was born on a Friday.

R. G. (Hammersmith).—"Can you imagine anything more inconsistent than the present action of the Government?" Even if we could, they would probably go and do it next day.

"MAC." (Clifton).—Hoots, mon! Even in a crowded tramcar you should not sit on a lady's knees unless she asks you to. You must have had a wee doch an' doris.

T. G. (15th Mess).—"Could you kindly let me know how I could obtain a couple of simple essays on subjects that I should name?" What subjects should you name?

G. H. E. (Forest Gate, E.).—We have read your story in regard to the Dutch vessel "lying in the Royal Albert Docks." It is just possible, however, that the officer who told you the tale may have been doing the same thing as the ship.

C. H. G. (Hanley) and OTHERS.—Tear up all circulars from competition solutionists hinting at special influence with the "Bullets" adjudicators. All "Bullets" are judged solely on their merits, and no other consideration of any kind has influence with us.

C. A. (Hackney Wick).—We have often deplored as disgraceful that unnatural stipulation, "No Children." Landlords seem to expect mothers to lead their loved little ones to the lethal chamber before renting rooms.

G. S. (Teddington).—Sorry to hear that your Parish Church has been "ruined and blasted by the ever-threatening seven-headed dragon of restored Catholicism." Let us hope the premises were insured.

"ADMIRER" (Great Yarmouth).—As you say, we are generally ready to "champion the bottom dog of the male or female persuasion," although we might have preferred a more delicate figure of speech in the case of the ladies you mention.

E. S. (Cornwall).—Thanks for your lengthy letter in regard to Tommy's beer. You write with vigour and conviction, and are evidently full of your subject.

"PADDY" (Newtownards).—"I've begun to write a history of the war, and the deeds of our heroic men; And in this I'll test the staying power of a JOHN BULL pen." Our money is on it for the first 500 volumes.

S. D. J. (London).—There is no foundation whatever for your statement that Messrs. Lyons refuse to supply bread and cheese unless butter is also purchased.

PTE. G. W. (46th Can.).—If two soldiers in hospital blue were refused tea in hotel gardens at Watford, the place deserves to be shut up.

"CONSTANT READER" (Epsom) complains that it is difficult to feed himself—let alone his dogs. However, there is food control even for our canine friends, Spratts having received official permission to manufacture on a restricted scale their dog cakes and puppy biscuits, containing the same proportion and quality of meat as hitherto. This is as it should be, the dogs of war being entitled to every consideration!

J. M. (Gretna Green).—"After working 12 hours, we go home by rail in open trucks, sometimes shunted for 10 minutes to allow the staff to pass in cushioned cars." No wonder you rail.

V. D. (Harleston).—Why one dentist should be permitted to keep an eligible single man and run two businesses, while a single-handed family man must close his businesses and go, is yet another Tribunal mystery needing elucidation.

"AMIE" (Brighton).—Wrong shop. Try a matrimonial agency—or a walk in the park.

G. E. S. (London).—"Are deaf and dumb men wanted for the Army?" Can't say whether they are wanted, but the recruiters gather 'em in.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

FREE TRAINING FOR WIRELESS OPERATORS BY MARCONI CO.

Wanted immediately
for free training at the
Marconi Company's own
school young men aged 16½
to 17 years and 9 months.

Permanent appointments
on attaining proficiency.
All applicants must be
physically fit, and no appli-
cation will be considered
from men in reserved or
exempted occupations.

The War Office authorises us to state
that:—

"Owing to the present urgent demand for Wireless Operators in the Mercantile Marine, students entering the school prior to their 18th birthdays and making such progress that they are able to obtain the necessary Certificate on or before reaching the age of 18½, will be temporarily exempted from military service until a sufficient number of operators has been obtained. This exemption continues so long as students of military age who have passed into the Mercantile Marine are employed as operators at Sea."

Apply at once to—

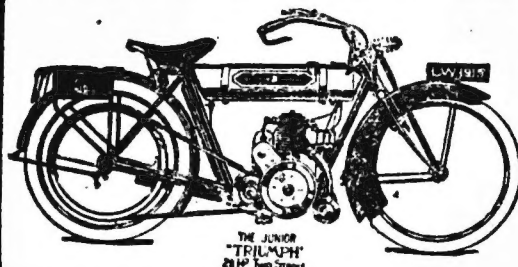
Traffic Manager,
Marconi International
Marine Communication
Company, Ltd.,

"Marconi House,"
Strand, London, W.C.2.

Mark envelopes "Application H."

Many of the readers of JOHN BULL will be interested in the British Red Cross Society's special Drawing, particulars of which are given in the advertisement below. Everyone, of course, knows that the cause is a good one, but in addition to aiding it they stand a chance of winning a highly desirable Motor Cycle, or £50, or a thoroughbred Shetland Pony. We believe that JOHN BULL readers will respond promptly to an appeal which is given on the lines which the Editor has advocated for so long.

YOU may win this L.W. TRIUMPH
MOTOR CYCLE for 6d.



BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY
(Newcastle, Staffordshire, Division).
GRAND DRAWING

in aid of above Fund.

1st. L.W. Triumph Motor Cycle

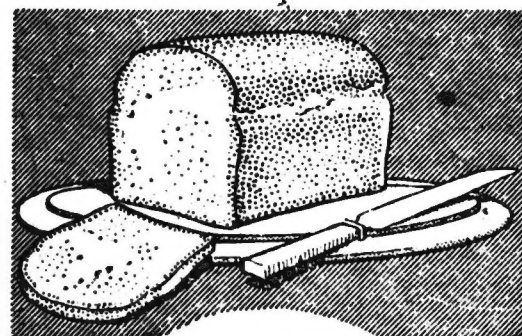
Ordered by permission of Ministry of Munitions. If the Winner of the First does not wish to keep it, the Committee guarantee a Purchaser at £50 in Cash or War Savings Certificates.

2nd Thoroughbred Shetland Pony

Kindly presented by Mrs. Mellard, the Mayoress of Newcastle, Staffs.

The Draw will take place on MONDAY, JULY 16th, under the direction of the Mayor. Winning numbers in the *Staffordshire Sentinel* and *John Bull*, July 23th.

Tickets SIXPENCE each.
Or book of 11 for 5s, may be obtained from Miss PHYLLIS CARRIER, Red Cross Rally; Address, Newcastle, Staffs.



**Does War Bread
mean Indigestion?**

In many cases it does—but the fault probably lies with the individual digestion rather than with the bread.

The digestive function has been consistently weakened by the use of white flour; consequently now that our need compels us to use the new "Standard," we are having trouble.

You can strengthen the digestive organs by taking

Chocoloids
The Cure for Constipation

Indigestion is one of the surest indications of bowel weakness. Impurities in the intestines are absorbed by the blood, and thus poisonous matter is distributed throughout the entire system.

Chocoloids purify the blood and aid digestion by keeping the bowels free from impurities. They are entirely herbal in composition, and are eminently suited for delicate constitutions.

Price 2/6 per box of 60 Tablets.

Sample Box 1/3 containing 24 Tablets, obtainable from all Chemists or post FREE from the makers.

Send a Tin to the Front, because Chocoloids take the place of natural laxatives (vegetables, etc.). THE CHOCOLOID Co. Dept. B, Starchley Laboratories, Birmingham.

1^{ST.}
PRIZE

£1000

'BULLETS'
GREAT

2ND
PRIZE £100

OVER
12,000
PRIZES

10
PRIZES OF
£5

10
PRIZES OF
£2:10/-

100
PRIZES OF
10/-

1,000
PRIZES OF
2/6

6,000
SPECIAL
'TARGET'
PRIZES

5,000
OTHER
HANDSOME
PRIZES

OVER
12,000
PRIZES

Don't miss this remarkable Offer!

Closing Date, Thursday, July 5th.

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(243) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition
in accordance with the rules and
conditions announced below.
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 243, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, July 5th.

No. _____
Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(243) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition
in accordance with the rules and
conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, July 5th.

No. _____
Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(243) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition
in accordance with the rules and
conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition No. 244. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before **THURSDAY, JULY 12th**. Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number 244 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 244, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the forty Examples for the present week's competition.

AFTER THE FIGHT
KEEPING FIT
AT THE SEASIDE
BORROWED PLUMES
A BAD LOT

ROUGH PASSAGE
NOT TAKING ANYTHING
FETCHING THINGS
TAKING BACK SEAT
SOUR GRAPES

HAVING EVERYBODY
MAKING FOR HOME
FATHER LOVES
RAISING THE PRICE
CANTEEN BEER

MAKING HERSELF PLAIN
HOLDING TIGHT
RANK FAILURE
ANGERS THE KAISER
UNDRESS UNIFORM

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a

postal order for 6d. made payable to
JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 243.

STERN REPRISALS
CONTEMPTIBLE LITTLE ARMY
FULL OF SPIRIT
JOHN BULL
WHEN WOMAN VOTES
THE GERMAN NAVY
SEASIDE LODGINGS
HINDENBURG'S LOT
RAMSAY MACDONALD
HUGGING A DELUSION
SWEET NOTHING
WEARING THE TROUSERS
PEACE CRANKS
MY WIFE'S TONGUE
THE NEIGHBOURS
PUSHING THE PRAM
BRITISH TARS
SEASIDE DONKEY
PLUNDERING THE PEOPLE
CAUGHT BEADING
RUSSIAN SOLDIERS
FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM
PRESSING NEED
CAN'T TELL WHY
BAD START
BONE OF CONTENTION
SILLY CHAP
EXPECTING TOO MUCH
SAVING WIFE
IN THE AIR
HER RING
WHAT FATHER SAYS
REPAIRING HOME
MOST WORRYING WHEN
WAITING TO BE FETCHED
CONTROLLING PRICES
UP AND DOING
NEARLY FINISHED
NEXT FLAG DAY
THE KAISER'S LUCK

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 40 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These Examples will help you:—

Example:—

Up AND DOING.

Bullet:—

NOT CUTHBERT'S IDEA.

Example:—

SILLY CHAP.

Bullet:—

ARGUED WITH THE MAGISTRATE.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated July 21st. This week's "Bullets" Coupon will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated June 23rd.

Result of Competition 240 will be found on the opposite page.

Complete List of All Cash and other Prize Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

SUMMER OFFER!

3RD PRIZE £50

£1000

1ST PRIZE

Result of 240th "Bullets Competition."

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. D. BATEY, Bowdon House, Shilney Row, Co. Durham.
Example:—WHAT BRITAIN WANTS.
Bullet:—GERMANY "CORNERED"—NOT FOODSTUFFS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. W. J. EARLE, 30, Wall Street, Ebbw Vale.
Example:—MY WIFE THINKS.
Bullet:—I'M "TRYING" TO REFORM.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mr. A. H. BARRATT, 96, Edward Rd., W. Bridgford, Notts.
Example:—BRITISH BOYS.
Bullet:—BREED 'EM FOR FREEDOM.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. L. FAGER, 36, Euston Road, Northampton: MAKES KAISER FEEL BAD—KNOWING WE DON'T
Mr. E. PEPPERELL, 28, Melfort Rd., Thornton H'th, London: PUSHING YOUNG MAN—IN "OFFICE"—PETTICOAT INFLUENCE.
Mr. W. CRAIG, Irish Boot Factory, Back Lane, Dublin: ON THE SPREE—"SAY WHEN, OLD CHAP."
Mrs. B. M. WILLIS, 33, Oxford Rd., Waterloo, Liverpool: WHAT BRITAIN WANTS—TO STUDY 'MECHANICS' NOW.
Mr. R. GUNNING, 16, Owen Mans., London, W.: ENDS IN SMOKE—FEMINE TEA-PARTY NOW.
Mr. D. W. GUY, 2, Finnart Street, Greenock, N.B.: GOING CLEAN THROUGH—DESPITE HINDENBURG'S "WIRES."
Mr. J. C. DUGGIN, 9, Beechholme Rd., Clapton, London, E.: CATCHING IT HOT—PEACE CRANK VISITS FOLKESTONE.
Mr. J. H. FITCHETT, 56, Cooper Road, Grimby: SAYING GOOD-BYE—SMILE, "WON'T COME OFF."

Serjt.-Major A. HENDERSON, Old Kilpatrick, By Glasgow REMAINS BEHIND—BUT CLAIMS "ADVANCE"—CUTHBERT.

Mr. F. E. SOUTHALL, 17, Park View, Queen's Pk., March WHAT BRITAIN WANTS—"RECKONING" WITH "DAR" FORCES."

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mrs. BAMFORD, 64, Victoria Av., Cliftonville, Margate WELCOMED BACK—ACTRESS WHO "WEARS" LEAST
Mr. JAMES DICK, Railway Clerk, Fortrose, Ross-shire THE TURNING POINT—MANY ZEPPELINS ONLY REACH
Miss BEATRICE WALKINGTON, 47, Hulton Street, Moss Side, Manchester: TAKES THE CAKE—BUTCHER PLEADING "CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTION."
Mrs. L. MONKS, 234, Bolton Rd., The Height, Manchester MY WIFE THINKS—"HOLDING OUT"—"PAYING" GAME. (Sent in on "Free Target" Prize Coupon.)
Pte. H. M. SHANKS, 29th R.F., Northwood Farm, Buckfastleigh, South Devon: MAKES KAISER FEEL BAD—"ENEMY PLANS"—HIS DOWNFALL.
Mr. G. H. CRESSWELL, 278, Derby Road, Sandlacre, Notts BRITISH BOYS—ONLY "SPORT" UNIFORMS NOW.
Mr. J. MCSWEENEY, Chief P.O. H.M.S. "Australia," G.P.O., London: BRITISH BOYS—"WONDER" WHERE THEY ARE.
Miss ETHEL BUCKINGHAM, 4, Okehampton Rd., Willesden LATE ARRIVAL—WOMAN'S THIRTIETH BIRTHDAY USUALLY
Mr. W. J. NICHOLLS, Plum Villa, Laura, Plymouth MY WIFE THINKS—DEVONPORT DESERVES ANOTHER "TITLE."
Mrs. M. MACGREGOR, G.O. Lockerby, 24, St. Monance Street, Springburn, Glasgow: WASTING BREAD—SITUATION STILL REQUIRES "SAVING."

No.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(243) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If four coupons are used P.O. for ss. must be sent.

Signed

Address

Closing Date Thursday, July 5th.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified dates, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following has sent in a correct claim:—
ALBERT CROSSLEY, 383, Edenfield Road, Rochdale, Lancs. May 19th. 779,128.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of June 16th:—

000,525	348,608	635,173	916,290	A205,852
059,463	396,703	649,242	932,018	A237,505
126,450	410,739	672,158	997,351	A258,238
148,180	433,630	715,171	A000,461	A270,679
183,619	454,144	742,582	A024,106	A341,209
216,618	468,265	766,633	A038,505	A375,634
235,141	491,286	814,163	A079,940	A434,312
257,115	542,123	830,675	A116,619	A469,807
291,482	589,116	875,530	A125,428	A521,073
325,108	623,334	901,057	A163,166	A546,425

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published June 27th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for June 16, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 149,666 and A019,292. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, Irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200	Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200	Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100	Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3		

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed

Address

June 23rd, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 43 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2
This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent, of

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee

Address

Signature of Insured (Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home

June 23rd, 1917.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

Further Testimony



to the restorative powers of Hall's Wine:—(Originals on file.)

"It may be of some small interest to you to know how favourably impressed I am with Hall's Wine.

"Whenever I can get my patients to do so, after operation, I order them to take it with invariably good results. It seems to pull them together more quickly. I feel the more constrained to write this appreciation now, as I myself am just recovering from a surgical operation, and am following out my own prescription in the matter of Hall's Wine with most excellent results."

—L.D.S.R.C.S., Eng.

"I find Hall's Wine invaluable as a rapid and permanent pick-me-up in convalescence following illness."

—L.R.C.P., Lond.

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Tonic Restorative

The active tonic principles in Hall's Wine are now costing much more than formerly, but its supreme quality will always remain supreme.

Of all Wine Merchants, and
Household Grocers and Chemists.

STEPHEN SMITH & Co., Ltd.,
BOW, LONDON.

Extra Large Size
4/6
Smaller Size, 2/9 721

Zambrene

"Triple-Triple" proof is
the one reliable rubber-
less Raincoat.

Officers on Active Service testify
that Zambrene "Triple-Triple" proof
keeps out the rain as no other make
will do.

Zambrene "Triple-Triple"
proofs are guaranteed to be
entirely free from any injurious
oil or air proof interlining, and
are therefore perfectly porous
and hygienic.

Obtainable of Outfitters in every Town.

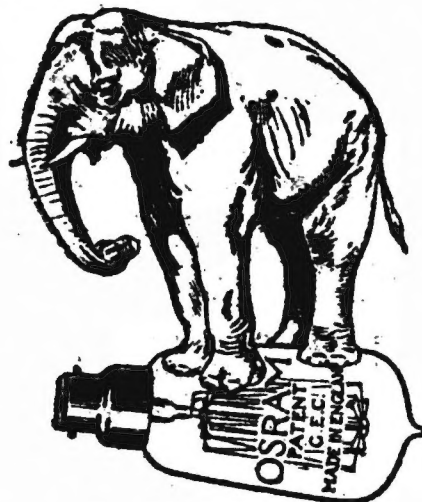


The
Picture
of
Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see
my little girl's photo. She is just
three years old. Since she was a baby
of four months I have given her
Steedman's Powders; and I always found
them not only cooling, but cleansing and
refreshing. I used to give them on the
same day each week, and if I happened
to miss, she was cross and fretful. She
cut all her teeth without my knowing,
thanks to those priceless powders."

OSRAM FOR STRENGTH



OSRAM

G.E.C.

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OF

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BRITISH LABOUR
BRITISH MATERIAL

MADE ONLY AT
HAMMERSMITH, LONDON.